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A Spectacular New Skyscraper–*Maya Lin*

ANGOLA OPTIONS • PHILLY AFTER THE BOMB • THE APARTHEID BOOKSHELF • PRESTON STURGES

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Not So Great Britain

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Peter Jenkins

economic woes . . .
John Lloyd

but still a 'special relationship'
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CORRESPONDENCE

EVERYBODY DOES IT

To the editors:

As a member of the Democratic National Committee, longtime Democratic Party activist, and current Washington lobbyist (who is not particularly close to Roger Stone), I must confess surprise and disappointment at Jacob Weisberg's "State-of-the-Art Sleazeball" (December 9).

Using political connections to gain legislative and/or administrative access is hardly a creation of Mr. Stone or the current crop of Republican political consultant-lobbyists who are thriving under President Reagan and the Republican Senate. I recall with great specificity an equal pattern of Democratic lobbyists' capitalizing on their political access during the Carter administration. Indeed, many of us were aware, and expressed concern at the time, of such activities dancing around the bounds of propriety and even crossing the gray line from time to time in the 1977 to 1981 period. This is hardly a partisan problem.

I have worked in Washington for 15 years, both in and out of government. In my experience, the firm of Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly is indeed sensitive to standards and questions of conflict of interest. On the much larger and more important ethical and legal questions associated with political access, serious journalism would demand a far more thorough investigation than the vendetta-like bill of attainder spewed forth by Jacob Weisberg.

MARK A. SIEGEL
Mark A. Siegel and Associates Inc.
Washington, D.C.

MISINFORMATION, PLEASE

To the editors:

It is obvious in the case of your editorial on Accuracy in Academia ("Witch-Hunt on Campus," November 18) that you don't know what the organization is really doing.

You suggest that AIA is engaging in "an offensive enterprise in policing thoughts." You say that we have targeted "figures of great and justified eminence, including Latin American historian John Womack at Harvard and economist Sam Bowles at the University of Massachusetts." You are absolutely wrong on both counts. The fact is that AIA has announced it is prepared to investigate complaints from students of inaccurate and badly distorted teaching. We hired no spies. We have dispatched no students to enroll in particular courses. We established no "targets."

Our goal is not to "police thought." It is to combat the dissemination of misinformation by challenging error and distortion, just as Accuracy in Media has been doing for the past 16 years. There were some who thought that it was a threat to freedom of the press to expose serious errors and omissions on the part of the news media. Today it is widely recognized even by journalists that such criticism is legitimate. Perhaps in ten or 15 years it will be generally acknowledged that college professors should not be immune from criticism if they spout nonsense to their students and demand that they regurgitate that nonsense in their examination papers if they want passing grades.

The students recognize the legitimacy and desirability of such criticism now. That is why so many of them have volunteered to file complaints with AIA. AIA expects to arm students with information that will better enable them to challenge professors who are cheating them with junk intellectual food. It hopes to widen and liven debate on college campuses, something any true liberal ought to welcome and applaud. Unfortunately, true liberals are all too often invisible on our college campuses.

REED IRVINE
Chairman, Accuracy in Academia
Washington, D.C.

POOR MARXMANSHIP

To the editors:

In "Next Stop, Angola" (December 2), Stephen Solarz correctly describes Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) as an "anti-Marxist guerrilla group." But he then goes on to try to discredit Savimbi himself because the "political philosophy" of UNITA's leader is "Marxist." Well, this Savimbi is indeed a remarkable fellow—the Marxist leader of an anti-Marxist movement! Solarz charges that any American aid to this Marxist anti-Marxist would create an "implicit alliance" between the United States and South Africa, which also backs Savimbi. Are we, then, in a position where we cannot act in our own interest if it so happens that the Republic of South Africa shares that interest? If so, perhaps we should forgo any thought, in the future, of trying to maintain the flow of strategic minerals from South Africa to the West, or of protecting the sea lanes around the Cape of Good Hope—for surely such actions would put us in "implicit alliance" with South Africa.

Solarz argues that a regional settlement must be based on a rapid South African withdrawal from Namibia and the end of outside (mainly South African) support for UNITA. In return for these developments, "Angola has expressed a willingness to remove two-thirds of the Cuban troops within three years." This means, of course, that three years after SWAPO came to power in Namibia and the legs were pulled out from under Jonas Savimbi, 10,000 Cuban troops would remain in Angola. But, says Solarz, if the Angolan government (which has "some" freedom of action) then asked the Cubans to leave, "there is every reason to believe they would do so." Every reason? Solarz has a touching amount of faith in the Cubans.

STUART ANDERSON
Upland, California

DISPARAGING DEFINIENDUM

To the editors:

Don't you be so arrogant (Correspondence, November 18)! As an Asian-American, I have never found the use of "Jap" to be anything other than an ethnic slur. In case you do not have access to a dictionary, here is what a few say:

Webster's Unabridged: an abbreviation "often used disparagingly."

American Heritage: "offensive slang for Japanese . . ."

Book of Slang: "to dupe someone"—dating from the Pearl Harbor bombing.

Random House: "often disparaging, a Japanese."

One could argue whether or not your title "How to Gyp the Japs" revealed the intent of the article (I think not), but I am more concerned with the tone of your response to Mr. Wakabayashi's letter. It reveals an arrogance unbecoming of your offices. It is reminiscent of college newspaper editors overly taken with themselves and their intellect.

LISA PAROLA MOORE (née Tong)
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION

Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail falling into the suffocating arms of a Rev. Moon or a Jerry Falwell, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First, which we see celebrated all around us these days. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Bishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and Walker Percy.

An ecumenical and literary monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively" and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky." And there's no denying the *Library Journal*'s verdict that we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

Those who write for us — J.M. Cameron, Robert N. Bellah, Eileen Egan, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Robert Coles, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and heart. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. If you're keen on intellectual ferment and the life of the mind and spirit, subscribe today!

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 23, 1985

WHY SPY?

In the year of the spy, the case that probably will be remembered the longest is that of Jonathan Jay Pollard, the civilian analyst working for the Navy who is accused of spying for Israel. It stands out, and deservedly so, because it is so incomprehensible. There's nothing new or difficult to understand about Soviet or Chinese espionage in the U.S. But the Pollard affair challenges many assumptions.

The FBI arrested Pollard on November 21 outside the Israeli Embassy in Washington, where he apparently had gone seeking protection. The next day, two Israeli scientific attachés, one in New York and one in Washington, flew home suddenly and unannounced. The State Department did not even learn of this departure until several days later. It then expressed "dismay" that Israel had refused the U.S. access to these attachés. According to leaks from Israel, the Israelis "ran" Pollard under the direction of Rafi Eitan, a shadowy and legendary Israeli agent (he helped capture Adolph Eichmann), who had been counterterrorism adviser to Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, and was head of a quasi-independent agency for gathering scientific information under Begin, Shamir, and the current prime minister, Shimon Peres. It appears that in the latter capacity Eitan decided to use Pollard.

Israel's coalition government responded to these disclosures with dismaying slowness. For several days, the first reaction was no reaction: an expression of shock and consternation, as if the affair had been perpetrated by some third party. Finally, on December 1, Secretary of State Shultz and Prime Minister Peres worked out a deal: the Israeli Cabinet issued an apology, promised to dismantle the unit responsible, and pledged not to do it again. The State Department accepted the apology, and appears as eager as Israel to put this embarrassment behind it.

There is more than embarrassment at issue. But let us be clear exactly what more. The U.S. has discovered enormous damage from hemorrhagic leaks to the Soviet Union and China through the Walker spy ring, and the newly discovered Pelton and Chin affairs. Compared to the huge losses from these cases, the damage to U.S. security interests from Pollard is minuscule. None of the information (much of it apparently about the military disposition of the Arab countries surrounding Israel) had anything to do with American security, and none was to be turned over to nations hostile to the United States. The difference between Pelton and Pollard is the difference between harm and offense. The harm caused by Pollard is small, the offense great.

How great? After all, "friendly countries spy on friendly countries" all the time, former CIA directer Richard Helms said on ABC's "This Week." What's more, he added, they all know it. They spy on each other because no ally will share all its information with its friends. But the offense in the Pollard case is not so much the spying as the method of spying.

Allies collect information on one another in two main ways. One is called national technical means: information picked up by satellites or other technical devices. The other is human: agents. All countries have embassies staffed with attachés, many of whom, everyone knows, are there to gather information.

In this context, the U.S. has an enormous advantage over its allies. It has the world's most sophisticated network of satellites and communications interception technology. A current rumor in the Israeli press is that Pollard may have been asked to spy because the U.S. appeared to have information about the highest-level decision-making within Israel, and Israel wanted to find out how the U.S. had penetrated Israeli communications. Whether or not this is true, the general principle is true. Both sides gather information on the other through various means. Israel has few technological assets. And so, thought someone, Israel must compensate with a human agent.

But this someone was not a terribly deep thinker. It is one thing to use your own agents in another country to gather as much information as legally possible. It is another thing to recruit a foreign national for the purposes of betraying his nation's secrets. The second is an inexcusable breach of trust between allies. How could any Israeli have failed to grasp, to be daunted by, such an elementary and fundamental distinction?

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It is a wonder that in its 40 years Israel has developed such an extraordinarily skilled military and such an extraordinarily inept politics. But in a sense the two are related. Israel's existence is guarded by Israel's military, or—perhaps more accurately—by its military mentality: a willingness to act decisively, relentlessly, and often at great risk, to secure higher ground. For 40 years that mentality has greatly rewarded Israel, and therefore has been greatly rewarded by Israel. Much of Israel's leadership comes out of the military high command. In the political culture of Israel, the result is not an authoritarian state of mind—Israel's polity hovers as close to anarchy as any Western democracy—but an operational state of mind: define an objective, identify the means, go after both until success.

The world of politics, and particularly diplomacy, is radically unsuited to such thinking. Diplomacy demands subtlety, particularly when dealing with allies. Subtlety is not on the curriculum at tank academies. And Rafi Eitan, certainly, never took the course. The result is the Pollard affair: operational thinking gone wild.

TWO YEARS AGO, someone—probably Eitan, though it is not yet clear if anyone higher up was involved—decided that it was important for Israel to obtain some information that the U.S. intelligence services refused to share with Israel. And to obtain it, he was willing not just to spy, but to use an American citizen for the spying.

What kind of information could possibly have been worth the risk and the betrayal? Israel and the U.S. share large amounts of information. Israel gives the U.S. information on the Middle East, and enormously useful data on captured Soviet equipment or battle-tested Israeli countermeasures against Soviet equipment. The U.S., in return, provides much satellite and electronic reconnaissance. But not all. Information on the military capacities and plans of countries friendly to the United States and potentially hostile to Israel (e.g., Egypt and Jordan) is routinely not shared.

Perhaps there is more information: Pollard was a counterterrorism expert, and perhaps he had access to information about terrorism that, for still obscure reasons, the U.S. supposedly withheld. And perhaps there is some truth to the story leaked out of Israel that he was also trying to find out how the U.S. was getting such high-level information about Israel. Perhaps he was working on an American Pollard in Jerusalem. For Israel this would be vital information. But compared to the offense to the United States and to the American-Israeli relationship, it amounts to nothing.

The relationship with the United States is, quite simply, the most important political fact of Israel's life. Apart from the Israeli army, there is nothing that protects Israel's existence more than American friendship and feeling for Israel. To jeopardize such a relationship is political stupidity of criminal magnitude.

But the Pollard affair is not just a badly calculated cost-benefit analysis. It betrays a profound incomprehension of the nature of America's relationship with Israel. The U.S. supports Israel both out of interest and out of a sense of moral rightness. To betray the trust of an ally by turning a citizen against his government is to see that relationship as based on nothing but interests. It is to argue that all is cynicism, each party merely uses the other, so why not use the other slightly more than house rules allow? This logic actively undermines the moral relationship between America and Israel. The rules of that relationship are not just rules of convenience. They form the structure of a political and moral intimacy rare in the relation between nations—a structure that can hardly sustain bad faith and betrayal.

The rule between any allies must be: if you want to gather information, put up an antenna and send out your agents. Don't break laws, and most of all, don't recruit your ally's nationals. In the past Israel has taken particular care not to recruit foreign Jews as spies, because suspicions of dual loyalty, though rarely expressed, are omnipresent. For the operational mind behind Pollard, the price of undermining the civic standing of all Diaspora Jews seemed a price worth paying.

Even on the operational level, the Pollard affair appalls. The man himself is boastful and inept, an Inspector Clouseau of spies. In the end, in pursuit of marginal national security objectives, the operational mind betrayed an astonishing ineptness in both political calculation and moral reasoning.

THE GOVERNMENT of Israel issued an apology, which the U.S. has accepted. Neither government wants the affair to be dragged out indefinitely, since it advances the interest of neither nation involved. The FBI may not even have intended to apprehend Pollard so publicly. Often when such things happen between allies, the spies are sent home and stern reprimands are issued through private channels. This may have been a bungled affair on all sides. The Reagan administration may never have intended a public scandal, particularly one that could bring down the moderate Peres government.

The coalition government appears to be working frantically to keep the affair from getting out of hand—that is, from implicating higher-ups. Some former Israeli intelligence officials believe that such an operation never could have been authorized without the approval of someone at a high political echelon. On the other hand, other intelligence officials deem it impossible that anyone at that level of political responsibility would have authorized such a lunatic scheme. We may never know.

But even so, Israel's high political leadership stands indicted. Either the senior political leaders, wrote the *Jerusalem Post*, "did not know what was happening—in which case they were horrendously derelict—or they did know, and in that case were horrendously reckless." We have profound sympathy for the Peres government. But we think it would be a mistake to declare the Pollard issue now closed. Even if the two governments wanted to hush up the affair, the free press and independent judiciary of democracies will not permit it. Apologies, even sincere apologies, are not enough, and attempts to place the blame as low as possible are unlikely to succeed. Better to

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let all the heads roll as quickly as possible. Release all the information that will dribble out in Pollard's trial and in investigative reports. As the president said, "Let the chips fall where they may." Then the Pollard episode may finally be relegated to the annals of operational zealotry and remembered as a unique and bizarre violation of the relationship between two very close friends.

NOTEBOOK

□ EVERYBODY DOES IT: Some people around Washington have said that our cover story of December 9, "State-of-the-Art Sleazeball," was unfair to Republican political consultant Roger Stone. They assert that he has broken no law, and that (as an editorial in the *Washington Times* put it) "Mr. Stone seems no different from a hundred other operatives in this town." Democratic consultant Mark Siegel makes this same point on the Correspondence page. In fact, Stone is at the cutting edge of various Washington hustles. (Thus, "state-of-the-art.") Our point, though, was not that Stone is unique but that he exemplifies a general pushing back of the frontiers of what is considered acceptable in the worlds of political strategy and influence peddling. We have come a long way from the days when people used to trouble to deny being lobbyists. No law can wipe out the commercial trade in influence and connections. But the law is not the only useful sanction against antisocial behavior. So is public disapproval—a sanction that has badly withered in recent years. Our goal, in this article and others, is to help restore a healthy sense of impropriety to the way many Washington insiders make a living. So we don't regret the word "sleazeball." On reflection, though, we do regret the word "conned," as applied to journalists who reported the inflated idea of an "Ohio strategy" for winning the 1984 election, as promoted by Stone and his colleagues. Goodness knows, a journalist needn't believe everything he's obliged to report others as saying.

□ DIRTY TRICKS: ". . . Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, a veteran nuclear expert who has repeatedly used well-crafted arguments and detailed knowledge of the superpowers' doomsday stockpiles to block the Administration from making any offer the Soviets might actually accept."

—*Time*, November 18

□ POLLSTERS AND TURKEYS: The page-one headline in the *New York Times* on Thanksgiving Day said, "AMERICANS IN POLL GLAD OF BLESSINGS AT HOME." Yes, believe it or not, a *New York Times*/CBS poll asked 1,659 people what they are thankful for. Twenty-one percent said they were thankful for their families; 16 percent were thankful to be alive; 13 percent were thankful for good health. These results should be interpreted with caution. According to the *Times*, "The poll had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus three percentage points." In other words, as few as 13 percent or as many as 19 percent of the American public may be thankful to be alive. The pollsters inexplicably failed to ask who preferred light meat over dark, and how many wanted the drumstick. A soon-to-be-released NEW REPUBLIC/MTV poll asked 2,583 people what they want for Christmas. Twenty-three percent chose "presents," 14 percent wanted cash, and 11 percent said peace on earth. Soon to come: AMERICANS SPLIT ON NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS: CHOOSE 'LOSE WEIGHT' OVER 'BE KINDER'; and, WHO IS YOUR VALENTINE? 'MOM' OUTPOLLS 'WIFE,' 3-2.

□ NONJUDGMENTAL EDUCATION:

Ethics Classes Avoid Teaching Right and Wrong

—*New York Times*, December 2

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

ANGOLA OPTIONS

THE HARD-LINERS at the White House thought they had the perfect setup. When President Reagan, his aides, and Republican leaders from Capitol Hill met on November 8 in the Cabinet Room, the issue of providing assistance to anticommunist rebel Jonas Savimbi in Angola would be thrown directly in the president's lap. Patrick Buchanan and other hawkish aides had arranged for Congressman Jack Kemp to pop the question: Was the administration still opposed to legislation providing so-called humanitarian assistance to Savimbi? They figured that Reagan would declare himself in favor of backing Savimbi to the hilt. But when Kemp asked the question, Reagan was silent. So were officials from the Defense Department and the National Security Council who supposedly support aid for Savimbi. Only Secretary of State George Shultz spoke out, and he insisted that open funding of Savimbi would be a grave mistake. Sensitive negotiations with the Marxist government of Angola were going on, he said, and overt aid would upset the talks. Covert aid, he added, might be a good idea. He could go along with that.

Don't get the wrong impression from this episode. The next day the administration didn't begin secretly running guns to Savimbi in his fight against Angolan and Cuban troops equipped with flashy new Soviet weaponry. And covert aid probably won't start soon, despite Shultz's reluctant acceptance of it. Two things stand in the way. One is the indifference of the Reagan crowd (except for a few hard-liners) to Savimbi and his cause. For all its high-minded talk about a Reagan Doctrine of backing anti-communist guerrilla movements, the administration has yet to take the initiative to help Savimbi. In talking him up now, it is only responding to pressure from Congress. The

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other impediment is the State Department. No matter what Shultz says, his underlings who deal with Africa put a far higher priority on negotiations with the Soviet-backed Angolan government than on boosting South Africa-backed Savimbi. In fact, they claim these negotiations are at such a critical stage that dispatching aid to Savimbi might jeopardize a settlement.

THERE is agreement by all parties on one point. Savimbi needs help. The Soviets have pumped an estimated two billion dollars of military hardware into Angola in the last two years. The biggest threats to Savimbi's army are helicopter gunships and tanks; he wants sophisticated new weapons from the U.S. arsenal to combat them. Jerry Chitunda, Savimbi's foreign minister, brought two young generals with him to Washington in November to plead for aid. Covert or overt, Chitunda doesn't care. "U.S. aid is critical at this moment because of the massive escalation by the Soviet Union and Cuban troops," he says. "Without U.S. support, this will be a protracted argument, tragic for Angola." Chitunda also claims that Soviet advisers have joined Angolan forces in the field.

The administration has been generous recently in rhetorical support for Savimbi. In his speech to the United Nations on October 24, Reagan denounced Soviet expansionism and cited Angola, where he said "1,200 Soviet military advisers [are] involved in planning and supervising combat operations along with 35,000 Cuban troops." American backing "for struggling democratic resistance forces must not and shall not cease." In Reagan's post-summit speech to Congress on November 22, he cited Angola and pledged that "we will continue to support the heroic efforts of those who fight for freedom." When asked the next day during an interview with Washington columnists why he opposes nonmilitary aid to Savimbi, which many in Congress favor, the president smiled. "I'm glad you asked that," he said. ". . . What difference of opinion there is, we all believe that a covert operation would be more useful and would have more chance of success right now than the overt proposal that has been made in Congress."

Two days later Shultz declared on "Meet the Press" that the administration wants to support Savimbi and UNITA, Savimbi's organization, "in a way that's effective" and that allows for "a negotiated solution" in Angola. Shultz ruled out the overt "humanitarian" aid offered in a bill introduced by Kemp and Democratic Representative Claude Pepper, which could include everything for an army in the field except guns and bullets. But he did not rule out "covert" aid, even though it would hardly be covert now that Reagan's talking about it publicly.

The Reagan-Shultz rhetoric might have more credibility if the administration had ever shown any leadership in supporting Savimbi. It hasn't. Reagan campaigned in 1980 against the Clark Amendment, the 1975 law that banned any covert aid for antigovernment forces in Angola, but he hasn't lifted a finger to kill it. "All the initiative came from Congress," says a White House official. "It's encouraging they acted, but it's very depressing that there was no pressure from over here." Instead, Senator Steve Symms of Idaho, a conservative Republican who isn't usually a major player, and his influential aide, Margaret Calhoun, led the way. Symms had grown weary of assertions by Chester Crocker, the assistant secretary of state for African affairs, that Savimbi's best hope was the removal of Cuban troops through negotiations with the Angolan government, which had invited the Cubans in the first place. Last March Chitunda complained bitterly to Calhoun that Savimbi's UNITA was being left out of the negotiations, which involved South Africa as well as Angola. In June Republican Senator Richard Lugar, the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, allowed Symms to attach his repeal of the Clark Amendment to the State Department authorization bill. It passed 63 to 34, without any backing from Reagan. In July the House voted 236 to 185 for repeal, again without White House encouragement.

STILL, the administration didn't take the pro-Savimbi sentiment seriously until the Pepper-Kemp bill began gaining support. In October Shultz sent a sharply worded letter to House Republican leader Bob Michel, asking him to knock off the Savimbi business. He said that both the South Africans and the Angolans have asked the U.S. to mediate a settlement over Namibia, the presence of Cuban troops, etc. The Angolan government "has asked for our help in containing the fighting and has said it also wishes to renew an exploration for a settlement," Shultz wrote, not mentioning that an Angolan military offensive against Savimbi had just failed. The bill "is ill timed and will not contribute to the settlement we seek. I feel strongly about Savimbi's courageous stand against Soviet aggression, but there are better ways to help. A determined effort on our part to pursue the negotiation is a good approach." There was no hint that Shultz had covert aid in mind.

Michel, normally a mild-mannered fellow, was furious. He wrote back that American support for UNITA "is not only a geostrategic but a moral necessity." And he pointed out that in Nicaragua Shultz has opposed a policy based solely on negotiations. "You have quite correctly stated on many occasions that a mixture of military and diplomatic means is necessary to bring democracy to Nicaragua," Michel wrote. "We all want negotiations, in every area of geostrategic conflict, but I cannot see how we can argue that aid to the democratic forces in Nicaragua helps the chance of negotiations while aid to UNITA somehow damages the negotiating process."

If the administration were eager to give Savimbi covert aid, it might have been ready on October 1, when the Clark Amendment formally expired. It wasn't. But after Michel joined the pro-Savimbi clamor in Congress, the administration changed its tune. Reagan began lauding Angolan freedom fighters, and he and Shultz latched onto the idea of covert aid. Reagan may actually like the idea, but the crowd at State believes it's a dodge, a delaying tactic. By raising the prospect of covert aid, the administration slowed the momentum behind overt aid. This gave

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"It's Like Putting Me in Slavery."

"For someone to take from me without my say-so is like putting me back in slavery."

Thirty-two years of teaching elementary school students in Chicago have honed Annie Lee Hudson's ability to boil issues to their basic terms—and nothing is more basic than freedom.

Annie Lee Hudson rejects slavery. She makes it easy to see why she—and six other Chicago teachers—are fighting heavy-handed officials of the Chicago Teachers Union in a lawsuit headed for the U.S. Supreme Court.

Like her fellow teachers, many of them former union members, Mrs. Hudson is being forced to pay compulsory "agency fees" to the union hierarchy to continue teaching.

Big Labor's mandate: "No dues, no job."

Annie Lee Hudson can pay the union or she can join the unemployed.

Union officials in turn are spending the compulsory dues they demand on activities which have nothing in the world to do with collective bargaining.

The result: Annie Lee Hudson—and millions of workers like her—are forced to finance radical political, social and ideological causes they would never support voluntarily.

And when teachers protest, they wind up in a kangaroo court controlled by the very same union pros who claimed to "represent" them in the first place.

From start to finish, the scheme violates basic human liberties. Annie Lee Hudson knows it; her fellow teachers know it; and so does the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit.

The appeals court ruled just last year that major portions of the compulsory dues setup are unconstitutional. The case is bound for the U.S. Supreme Court only because greedy union officials refuse to relent.

"I believe in unions—I do not believe in arrogance and corruption and people doing me any kind of way they want because they're the only game in town," Mrs. Hudson offers. "Unions have become very, very arrogant."

When this case goes before the highest court in the land, Annie Lee Hudson and her colleagues will be represented, as they have been since 1983, by attorneys for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. The Foundation is proud of its role of assistance and, in fact, is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 300 cases involving violations of academic and political freedom, illegal union political spending, union violence and other abuses of basic human rights.

If you would like to help people like Annie Lee Hudson, we would like to hear from you.

Mukul Roy

THE NATIONAL RIGHT TO WORK LEGAL DEFENSE FOUNDATION
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Crocker time to return to talks with the Angolan and South African governments. And this gave officials at State a fresh argument against aid to Savimbi: don't wreck the talks.

Although the State Department aimed its attack at open aid, the same arguments apply to covert aid. After all, it would hardly be covert. People tend to notice when you ship millions of dollars' worth of antiaircraft guns and antitank weapons to the African hinterlands. Of course, if aid were truly covert, how would we know it isn't being funneled to Savimbi now? Answer: we wouldn't. Anyway, State Department officials say that if assistance to Savimbi were public, the U.S. could hardly be an intermediary in talks involving the Angolan government. They brush aside the argument, a rather persuasive one, that aid to Savimbi would give the U.S. more leverage in the talks. Aid won't really help Savimbi much anyway, they also say, and it might have to be taken out of funds earmarked for some really useful purpose. Moreover, aid to Savimbi is controversial and might be eliminated later, making the U.S. look erratic. And throwing in with Savimbi would implicate the U.S. with South Africa, his main source of external support. Black Africa would be none too pleased. Finally, there are business interests to consider. Chevron Oil has extensive facilities in Angola, and its lobbyists distributed "background notes" to members of Congress warning darkly that "American governmental action, however well-intentioned," might endanger "American lives and property." And cost Chevron a buck or two.

The administration was left with a messy situation. It didn't really want to aid Savimbi, but it had been forced to make public statements to the contrary. Should the talks with Angola and South Africa be unsuccessful, as they have been for the last five years, then the White House will have to go ahead with covert aid. In that case, Reagan will insist this is what he wanted all along. And who knows? He may believe it.

FRED BARNES

POSTCARD POLAND

HAUNTED BY YALTA

I'D BEEN WARNED in advance to leave any "subversive" literature behind, and to encode the names and addresses of any dissident contacts. I hadn't done either, but the Polish customs officer on the overnight train from Berlin to Warsaw couldn't have been less interested. He didn't even pause over the sheaves of papers clearly visible in my shoulder bag. All he wanted to see was my foreign currency, which he counted to the dollar.

During the week I spent in Warsaw, there was no official surveillance. I traveled about the city as I pleased, visiting well-known Solidarity leaders and other activists. I did try to avoid using the telephone, and several people thanked me for it, but apart from that I acted virtually as I would in a Western country. I'd been warned that people might hesitate to talk openly, and others would suggest that we talk outside. Nothing of the sort happened.

IT IS COMMON enough in the Eastern bloc to hear people talking about bits of news they had picked up on Radio Free Europe. But in Poland, things don't stop there. At lunch one day at the American Embassy coffee shop, I met a group of foreign reporters who had just come from the weekly press conference held by government spokesman Jerzy Urban. They'd been questioning Urban about Poland's increasingly serious pollution problem. None seemed to find it extraordinary that a Communist government spokesman holds weekly news conferences to reply to the Western press.

Poles also seem to take the underground press for granted. Like Solidarity's broadcasts from clandestine radio transmitters, the opposition media is now less a form of defiance than a way of life. Underground activists say there are hundreds of underground publications in circulation and new ones spring up regularly. One of the few times I felt that either Polish or foreign journalists shared my exhilaration was the day that Solidarity managed to intercept the nightly TV news, running a line of print calling for an election boycott right over the talking head of the official newscaster.

Every conversation I had eventually turned to the subject of what Poles still call "the Yalta system"—to the possibility of revising the assumptions that have underpinned the division of Europe for the past 40 years. How do Poles manage to maintain such extravagant hopes? Bronislaw Geremek, a medieval historian and former Solidarity adviser, explained: "You have to forget your European Cartesian way of thinking when you think about Poland. Everything that seems impossible in another country, we have to try it." For five years, they have been trying against all odds.

Within the last year, the authorities have gotten significantly tougher, amending the penal code to make "social parasitism" a crime. The harsh sentences given this summer to Adam Michnik and two other Solidarity leaders for advocating a 15-minute work stoppage have apparently been followed by a wave of arrests of lesser-known activists. Time is also working against the opposition and its efforts to maintain morale in the long stalemated conflict. Even the most optimistic activists have moments of discouragement. Jacek Kuron, an intense and tireless man who still puts his freedom on the line every day by speaking to journalists and signing protest letters, says bitterly that "nothing has changed" since the declaration

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of martial law on December 13, 1981. One woman described a recent evening with other former Solidarity people. "Four years ago there would have been lots of discussion. Some people would have been very hopeful, others would have disagreed with them. Today there's nothing to say."

In these circumstances, merely maintaining the status quo is a victory of a kind, and people derive a tremendous sense of accomplishment from the simple fact that Solidarity is still alive. "In the Solidarity period, we said that black is black—and we weren't afraid to say it," another activist explained. "And even now, no matter what the government says, the people still know it. We still have that feeling that we are a free people."

Kuron says that the underground is now, of necessity, "future oriented—educating youth, shaping national culture, consciousness-raising." Another tactic talks about small, independent groups "collecting information and books and distributing them, setting up cooperatives and local committees to take care of shops and child care and kindergartens." The Cartesian Western visitor can't help wondering why the opposition bothers. As Kuron says about other kinds of similar tactics, "We all know that the only benefit of a strike is a simple declaration of our presence." In today's Poland, even that is a great deal.

Kuron insists that what he wants is "not revising but renewing Yalta"—reviving at least some of the demands that the West put to Moscow in 1945. He admits that it might not be possible today to insist on free elections in Poland. But he believes that other demands, for economic reform and genuinely free trade unions, could now be made to stick because "there are political forces here within the country now that can fight for these conditions and defend them." What he envisions is nothing short of democratization, induced by the West, in the heart of Eastern Europe—and he apparently doesn't see much contradiction in either this or the original Yalta formulation, calling for free elections within the Soviet sphere of influence.

NO ONE IS WAITING for active American intervention, and no one expects the formal dismantling of the Soviet system in Europe. Incredibly, it doesn't seem to occur to Solidarity members that the essence of the Soviet system might be precisely its seamless and intractable resistance to the kind of political changes they want. There really is something dreamlike about Poland. These indignant Eastern Europeans still seem to feel that they are entitled to rule of law, to human rights and national sovereignty and a representative government that would respond to "peaceful pressure upon it." Madness? Courage? The Polish national character? Why try to put a label on it? They see, as even I did in my short visit, that Poland is different—and they ask themselves simply: Why not more different? An extravagant question certainly, and probably a dangerous one, but today, five years after the Gdansk agreements, four years after martial law, it is what makes life in Poland livable.

TAMAR JACOBY

Tamar Jacoby is deputy editor of the *New York Times* Op-Ed page.

Où est la démocratie?

NED TO THE RESCUE

THE National Endowment for Democracy seeks to "strengthen democratic ideals and institutions," President Reagan proclaimed in France last May. The mission of the Endowment, established in 1983 by the administration and Congress, is to promote democracy by giving money to citizens' groups, trade unions, scholars, and others in foreign countries. Critics of NED have asked why the U.S. should be interfering in the politics of foreign countries, but the Endowment's supporters argue that in most of the world democratic forces need all the help they can get.

The members of the European Parliament who warmly applauded Reagan's speech might have been surprised to learn that one country where NED officials have decided democratic institutions are in dire need of such aid is France. Two of the biggest beneficiaries of Endowment funding—receiving a total of almost $1.4 million in the last 19 months—are a French white-collar workers' union and a small right-wing student group in Paris. The two organizations have been in the forefront of opposition to the policies of President François Mitterrand.

This is exactly the kind of situation NED skeptics have worried about since the beginning. After all, imagine the fuss if the French government were to give financial support to liberal groups active in opposing President Reagan. Indeed, NED's subsidy is even stranger because the French student group is the offshoot of a paramilitary organization that was outlawed in 1982 because of alleged involvement in bombings, drug smuggling, and gangland-style killings.

Funds from the Endowment are channeled into France through the Free Trade Union Institute, which coordinates worldwide activities for the AFL-CIO. The Institute, whose headquarters are in Paris, was designated by Congress to receive more than two-thirds of NED's $18 million budget in each of the last two years. (Congress has since dropped the requirement.) Most of the Institute's funds are distributed to anticommunist unions in Latin America and Asia. But about ten percent of the U.S. aid stays in Paris.

In April 1984 the Institute gave two-year grants totaling $575,000 to the L'Union Nationale Inter-Universitaire

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(UNI), a student activist group that reportedly has less than 1,000 members. At the same time the Institute gave $830,000 to the Force Ouvrière (F.O.), a nationwide union with an annual budget of roughly $5.4 million. Defenders of the grant say it was used to resettle political refugees, but the evidence suggests otherwise. The F.O. is a rival to France's largest labor union, the Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT), which is controlled by the French Communist Party. Only the Philippines, whose democratic institutions are in somewhat more danger than France's, received more assistance from the Institute.

The student organization's credentials as a "democratic institution" are suspect. According to a 1982 French Parliamentary Inquiry Commission, UNI is a "satellite movement" of the Service d'Action Civique, an organization of French Algerians created in 1962 to serve as a security force for right-wing politicians. Over the next two decades SAC evolved into a paramilitary organized crime ring and became more violent. The top SAC official in Marseilles was assassinated along with five family members in 1981, apparently for refusing to turn over incriminating documents to his colleagues. SAC established UNI in 1968 in response to left-wing activism on French campuses. The chief of the Paris branch of SAC told the parliamentary commission, "In fact, we could not use young people of 18 to 19 years of age, they are too uncontrollable. SAC didn't 'move' enough for them when they were introduced [at that age], so we sent them to UNI."

CARL GERSHMAN, the president of the Endowment and former assistant to U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, defended the aid to the two groups. "We intervene in a democratic country to encourage the democratic debate. We support institutions involved in that process." The F.O., he said, "is competing with an organization [the CGT] that has a nondemocratic orientation." Gershman said that he did not know about UNI's connection to SAC until late November, and said the grant has been suspended until an investigation of UNI's history is completed. But Irving Brown, who oversees activities of the Free Trade Union Institute, admitted he knew about UNI's controversial parent organization when he disbursed the Endowment funds. "I know you will tell me about SAC and everything," he said. "There is a little bit of everything in UNI. We have to help the democratic forces which fight against the Russians."

Asked why it is necessary to bolster democratic institutions in a country with one of the longest and most stable democratic traditions in the world, Gershman responded by citing NED's activities in Guatemala, where the Endowment supported voter education efforts prior to the November 3 elections. "All sides observing the voting there praised the efforts we made to encourage voting, the democratic process," Gershman said.

What is the similarity between France and Guatemala? "It's not France in terms of being a new democracy," he explained. "But they are both sovereign states; they are both sovereign nations. We apply our consistent principles across the board."

The apparent importance of supporting groups operating freely in democratic Western European nations was not mentioned when Reagan persuaded Congress to establish the Endowment in 1983. Rather, the administration portrayed NED as a way to provide support for democratic institutions struggling to get on their feet in formerly authoritarian countries such as Argentina or in dissatisfied Soviet bloc countries such as Poland.

Supporters also insisted that NED's activities would be completely aboveboard. The revelations of covert funding of operations abroad that plagued the CIA in the 1960s and 1970s would be avoided. The United States would be proud to assist people struggling for democracy. To insulate itself from the CIA, NED even refuses to hire current CIA or other intelligence agency employees. Gershman asserts that "what we do has to be able to stand the light of day."

The Endowment has not been completely open about its activities in France. Its most recent annual report did list the grant to the Force Ouvrière. The report described UNI's publishing efforts ("A comprehensive program to provide an effective counterweight to the propaganda efforts of left-wing organizations of professors"), which NED funded, but did not identify the group by name. Gershman says that all recipients will be listed by name from now on. Nor did NED formally notify the Mitterrand government—which the State Department has called "our best anti-Soviet ally in Western Europe"—of its support for two organizations that have been in the forefront of the French opposition. The French government has refused to comment.

Eugenia Kemble, the executive director of the Free Trade Union Institute, has advocated that NED be less forthcoming about its funding. She proposed last April that NED projects in France and eight other countries be secretly funded. In a confidential memo to Gershman, Kemble said that recipients might "either be endangered or embarrassed if specific budgets were published or announced." Kemble noted that "either repressive governments or Communist front groups could use the information to hurt individuals or unions we are seeking to help." This is probably true in Chile, Poland, Paraguay, Nicaragua, and the other countries she listed. But France? Democratic groups there face no repressive government. The CGT is communist-dominated, but the Force Ouvrière and other anticommunist unions are perfectly free to challenge it. If their activities are legitimate, they should welcome public disclosure of their funding and activities. Ironically, the CGT has come to the Force Ouvrière's defense, perhaps because it too is said to receive foreign funding—presumably from Moscow—which it prefers not to disclose.

Gershman claims that he responded to Kemble's memo verbally. "I don't like doing memos like this that some reporter from some crazy French newspaper can get ahold of. I indicated to her my view on this—'Don't come here thinking you can keep these projects from the public. These relationships are subject to full disclosure.' " Gershman says that all such "sensitive" projects would be halted in the future or made public. The House Subcommittee

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on International Operations has been informed about the "sensitive" operations abroad, according to Richard McBride, a subcommittee aide, but has agreed with Kemble not to release details of the operations to the public. Kemble refused to comment.

Gershman's commitment to "full disclosure" is not shared by the recipients of NED's largess. Gershman, Brown, and Kemble have all confirmed the Endowment's financial support of UNI. Nevertheless, a spokesman for the group still denies it, calling statements that the organization has received funding from the Endowment "a fantasy of journalists."

André Bergeron, president of the Force Ouvrière, said, "I'm not going to confirm or deny it. We have funds that are being used to help people obliged to leave their countries—in southeast Asia, in Chile, in Poland." Bergeron added, "I don't know the Free Trade Union Institute. I have never heard of this Endowment for Democracy." Irving Brown, the director of the Institute, says he has known Bergeron since 1947.

Nor is it entirely clear how the grant to the Force Ouvrière has been spent. Gershman says the money was used for organizing immigrant laborers. Brown and Bergeron say it paid for the resettlement of political exiles and nothing else. But the only specifics they provide are a grant of 80,000 francs (slightly more than $10,000) for the Paris office of Solidarity, the Polish trade union. An internal NED document says the Endowment money supports "education on parliamentary procedure, combatting anti-democratic forces, factional organizing, education on how to organize, how to demonstrate, how to service members, and publication and dissemination of materials."

THE TRUTH is that Endowment grants to groups in countries where democratic institutions are already functioning will inevitably violate the Endowment's rules. These guidelines prohibit any funds from being used on behalf of political candidates. The F.O. and UNI grants were not specifically intended for partisan purposes. But Gershman conceded that Endowment support could have freed the groups to use other funds for more explicitly political purposes.

"You cannot control the individuals involved," he said. "The Endowment is committed to supporting pluralism. The Free Trade Union Institute, which the Endowment supports, enjoys the benefits of freedom. The organizations the Institute supports are engaged in nonviolent acts common to a democracy. The fact that the Endowment supports a project engaging in nonviolent democratic activity—I don't see anything wrong with that."

Of course, there's nothing wrong with "nonviolent democratic activity." But it is not terribly democratic for any government to fund partisan political organizations in another democratic country. The Endowment should have learned this lesson before. Last year, for example, it was revealed that a labor institute in Panama, funded by NED, had contributed approximately $20,000 to the campaign of the military-backed presidential candidate, who won the election by all of 1,700 votes. The U.S. ambassador in Panama sent a classified cable to the State Department urging that "this harebrained project be abandoned before it hits the fan."

MARK SCHAPIRO AND ANNETTE LEVY

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Can Goode recover from MOVE?

LIFE AFTER THE BOMB

Philadelphia

FOR WILSON GOODE, there may be life after the bomb.

Philadelphia's first black mayor was a rising star of national politics. Then, on May 13, after a daylong siege, he allowed his police department to drop an explosive device on the headquarters of a radical cult named MOVE. The device, familiarly known as "the bomb," started a fire that left 11 cult members dead, 61 row houses in ashes, and 250 residents of a black, working-class neighborhood with nowhere to live. Now, seven months later, the mayor of Philadelphia must be listed among the survivors of the MOVE disaster. Not a single Philadelphian of even modest stature is calling for Wilson Goode's recall, impeachment, or resignation.

This is not to deny the severity of his MOVE-related wounds or the instability of his political condition. One friendly city councilman has suggested that the MOVE debacle could become his "Iran—a kind of symbol of what was wrong with the whole administration." Indeed, the words "Goode" and "MOVE" have become forever inseparable. That linkage has caused some civic leaders to believe that the real damage has only begun to appear, that every subsequent setback will only reinforce public disgust with the way he handled his greatest crisis.

Goode himself continues to insist that his political standing is firm: "If I ran today," he says, "I would win." Perhaps. According to a recent poll taken for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 70 percent of the public thinks he is doing a good job as mayor, down from a pre-MOVE peak of 79 percent. Yet Wilson Goode is no longer the same man who slew Frank Rizzo in 1983 or who qualified for a vice presidential interview with Walter Mondale in 1984. Would-be candidates are already raising money to run against him in 1987, and portraying the recent electoral defeat of the Democratic candidate for district attorney as an affront to Goode.

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The *Inquirer* poll also reveals that 50 percent now disapprove of his handling of the MOVE confrontation and only 38 percent say they are certain they would vote for him, not knowing who the alternatives might be. "The reality is that he is on a very dangerous political curve," says Steve Teichner, who conducted the poll.

The mayor's problems stem as much from the aftermath of the MOVE confrontation as from the event itself. Soon after the disaster, Goode appointed a commission to conduct a public investigation. The mayor's critics howled, saying that for Goode to appoint the investigators of MOVE made about as much sense as Nixon naming the investigators of Watergate. But the commission and its staff took their task seriously. They held 18 days of public hearings in October and November, all of them televised gavel-to-gavel on the local public station.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

For Goode, the hearings turned out to be more damaging than the confrontation itself. His constituents—most of whom had been prepared to give him every benefit of the doubt—got a close look at how his administration turned a no-win situation into an extraordinary crisis. The picture that emerged from the hearings was of a government lacking in compassion, foresight, competence, and direction. In their testimony, the city's top decision-makers, including the mayor, justified their behavior on the grounds that they had no choice but to follow recommendations from underlings they considered experts—a kind of logic that Goode's predecessor, Bill Green, labeled the "reverse Nuremburg" theory.

Goode, for instance, said that he was "ultimately responsible" for what happened, yet he consistently portrayed himself as a leader who was misguided, misinformed, and even ignored by his ranking subordinates. He and his lieutenants contradicted each other throughout the oddly emotionless hearings, and they did not seem particularly disturbed by the contradictions.

For example, did Goode know in advance that the explosive device (they do not like the word "bomb") would be dropped on MOVE's roof by a helicopter rather than placed there by policemen? During his first appearance before the commission, Goode, who spent May 13 in his City Hall office, testified that he did not know a helicopter had been used until after the fact. But his man on the scene, then-managing director Leo Brooks, said he had telephoned the mayor about the helicopter and had received approval to use it. Two subsequent witnesses, including then-police commissioner Gregore Sambor, confirmed Brooks's statements.

In a second appearance, Goode stuck to his story, but said he probably would have approved dropping the device from a helicopter had he been asked. His answer did not satisfy Henry Ruth, the former Watergate special prosecutor who served on the MOVE Commission. "See, my problem is that, as a citizen, the idea of dropping a bomb in an urban area of row houses should have been rejected out of hand," Ruth told Goode. "There's no question that it was a bad idea," Goode replied. "And if anyone had come to me and said to me, 'I'm going to drop a bomb on a row house,' I would have, in fact, rejected it out of hand." Of course, someone did propose that to him on May 13, albeit not in so many words, and he did not reject it out of hand.

The real casualty of the MOVE episode was the skillfully crafted image of Goode the manager, or, in the view of his critics, the "myth" of Goode the manager. As a candidate in 1983, the sharecropper's son from North Carolina sold himself to the voters as a color-blind problem-solver, a decent man with real managerial skills, a Wharton graduate. Even now, few question his decency, but many question his ability. "For the first time in his governmental life, Wilson Goode has to produce," said an adviser to one of Goode's potential opponents. "He has to go beyond the ribbon-cutting, the news conferences, and all the other media garbage. He's never been a manager. You come to him with a problem and he says, 'Done!' Not only isn't

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it done, you never hear another word about it."

Goode's mission in the 18 months left before the Democratic primary is to appoint a new police commissioner to replace the resigned Sambor, reorganize a police department riddled with corruption, respond to the MOVE Commission's forthcoming report, secure state financing for a new convention center, get the City Council to agree to a controversial and costly trash disposal system—all without a substantial tax increase. The task looked imposing even before May 13. And the residue of MOVE—the rebuilding of the neighborhood, the legislative investigations, the civil suits and possible criminal trials—will linger for months, if not years.

In narrow political terms, however, Goode's future looks salvageable, assuming he can claim at least a few governmental successes. Though his prospects for a career beyond Philadelphia probably expired on May 13, he remains a formidable candidate for reelection. As long as the black community stands solidly behind him, he is nearly unbeatable in a Democratic primary, where blacks represent 45 percent of the vote.

Goode might be more vulnerable in the general election, where the black vote is less of a factor. There is already talk among local politicians that the strongest Republican candidate might be Arlen Specter. Yet Specter is very attached to his seat in the U.S. Senate. The Specter-for-Mayor scenario requires that Specter be challenged by Governor Dick Thornburgh in the Republican Senate primary next spring, that Specter lose, that he return home to Philadelphia, and that he immediately reset his sights from getting the nuclear arms race controlled to getting the trash collected.

Meanwhile, the 65-year-old Rizzo, who described himself as "the tiger in the tall grass" before his 1983 race against Goode, is telling his friends that he has one race left in him. This time, friends say, he might wear Republican stripes, even though no Republican has been elected mayor of Philadelphia since 1947. Oddly enough, if the Rizzo candidacy materializes, it just might be the best thing that ever happened to the incumbent. The return of Frank Rizzo to the arena might be the one event that could make Wilson Goode whole again.

LARRY EICHEL

Larry Eichel is a political writer for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A century of the 'English disease.'

PATIENT BRITAIN

BY PETER JENKINS

London

TO THE ANCIENTS it seemed natural that empires would fall and that the cause would be failure of a moral kind. Cicero, for example, thought that "death itself is a punishment to states . . . ," and Aristotle expected them to be "injured by time." Machiavelli, who lived through the decline of the Italian states, wrote that it was "impossible to constitute a republic that shall last for ever." He believed that fallible man would always in the end prove, as political scientists say today, "ungovernable." The spectacular decline of 17th-century Spain greatly influenced Gibbon's view of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; moral degeneracy was at the root of economic failure and military defeat. The analogy between moral decline and physical disease, perhaps first made by Sallust in the first century B.C., is with us today. In the late 19th century there was "the sick man of Europe" (the Ottoman Empire); today, the "English disease."

PHOTO BY ZIG LESZCZYNSKI/ ANIMALS ANIMALS

The Englishman can see his country all too clearly, for example, in historian J. H. Elliot's epitaph on Imperial Spain in a book published in 1963 at the very moment at which Britain was becoming conscious of falling behind in the postwar world:

> Heirs to a society which had over-invested in empire, and surrounded by the increasingly shabby remnants of a dwindling inheritance, they could not bring themselves at the moment of crisis to surrender their memories and alter the antique pattern of their lives. At a time when the face of Europe was altering more rapidly than ever before, the country that had once been its leading power proved to be lacking the essential ingredient for survival—the willingness to change.

Here is the nub of it: there is nothing inevitable about

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decline. Nations with a capacity to adapt can overcome the fateful blows of war, trade diversion, or technological advance—but history suggests that they seldom do. In maturity habits become set, institutions tend to ossify, and interests conspire against change; old virtues become present vices—Spanish chivalry or English gentlemanliness. Economists today talk about "mature" economies or, in Mancur Olson's phrase, "institutional sclerosis," which is not very different from Aristotle's view of the matter.

THE WORRY about Britain is that we shall have failed to seize the last chance provided by the providential boon of North Sea oil, and for essentially the same sort of cultural failures that brought the demise of previous empires. Prime Minister Thatcher believes otherwise; she thinks she is on the way to "killing socialism" in Britain. She was the first political leader to openly discuss the "English disease," and she ran in 1979 on a pledge to arrest and reverse Britain's decline. Meanwhile, a more liberalized economy has been, since 1981, one of the fastest growing in Europe. Yet, wondering how Britain will support itself when the North Sea oil runs out, a committee of the House of Lords recently warned: "It is neither exaggeration, nor irresponsible, to say that the present situation undoubtedly contains the seeds of a major political and economic crisis in the foreseeable future. Yet the nation at large appears to be unaware of the seriousness of its predicament."

This discrepancy reminds one of the Viennese joke in the last days of the Austro-Hungarian empire—"The situation is hopeless but not serious." Unemployment, at more than 13 percent of the work force, may show little sign of coming down, but for the 86 percent who do have jobs, living standards are rising nicely. At the same time Britain, for the first time since the industrial revolution, is running a substantial trade deficit in manufactured goods. It is currently more than covered by the surplus on trade in oil, but that will be at its peak this year and by 1990, in the pessimistic view of the committee, could be all but gone.

What then? The government says that as the oil slowly runs out, the market forces will bring about an automatic adjustment and other forms of trade will pick up. It notes that manufacturing is in decline in all advanced countries. Everywhere services are contributing more and more to total output. The Lords committee was unconvinced by these arguments. The relative importance of manufacture is in general decline, but nowhere except Britain has it declined in *absolute* terms. And we are losing ground in the competition to export services.

The Lords, however, were chiefly concerned about what I have called the cultural factors. The sharp decline in manufacture after 1979 cannot be fully explained either by the international recession or by the monetarist policies of the Thatcher government. Econometric calculations commissioned by the committee suggest that more than half of the slump in manufacturing after 1979 is attributable to long-term inefficiencies in the quality of management, working practices, product design, training and education, and so on. In which case a massive social adjustment and change in attitudes—something in the nature of a cultural revolution—is going to be needed to close the gap when the oil does run out.

The chief reason for being so pessimistic about arresting and reversing Britain's relative decline is that it has been going on for so long. Most of the laments and exhortations one hears today are exactly the ones heard in the early 1960s. Indeed, people have been saying the same things since the 1860s. In 1867, for example, British visitors to the Paris exhibition were noting with alarm how the Germans were establishing a lead in the new electrical and chemical technologies. They attributed this in large part to the superior Prussian education system. In 1868 a commission of inquiry into the schools reported that "our industrial classes have not even that basis of sound general education on which alone technical education can rest." This year the House of Lords committee reported, "The West German system of vocational education in the last years at school appears to lead to a more able work force. . . ." In 1913 people were complaining that while Germany produced 3,000 graduate engineers per year, in Britain the figure was only 350 in all branches of the profession. In 1978 there were 80,000 graduate engineers in Japan, and only 9,000 in Britain.

The litany runs through the decades: generational decline in entrepreneurial spirit; social prejudice against manufacture and trade; education bias in favor of liberal over technical education; failure to apply science and technology to commerce; concentration on traditional and easy but slower-growing markets; complacent management and obstructive trade unions; industrial relations poisoned by class discrimination, and resistance to change all around.

Britain's path of relative decline was obscured until the 1939-45 war by empire and by a wealth of overseas assets. For the first few years after the war the economies of European countries were in ruins and so was Japan's. By 1950 Britain's share of world markets was falling again, but it was not until the end of the decade that we began to realize how rapidly we were falling behind. By 1960 West Germany, the defeated enemy, had overtaken us in per capita wealth. In the 1960s it was France's turn for its "economic miracle," which overtook us in 1967. In 1974 the great postwar boom was brought abruptly to an end. There has been no British economic miracle.

But why should the British care? As Harold Macmillan told them at the 1959 election, they "had never had it so good." Under the comforting roof of the welfare state, the ordinary Britisher for the first time acquired a washing machine, then a car, then a home of his own; soon he began to take his holidays abroad. J. K. Galbraith's "Affluent Society" was coming to pass.

WE MUST BE careful in talking about decline when we what we really mean is slow growth. Although Britain was declining relative to others, there was not a year, until after 1974, when the absolute prosperity of the

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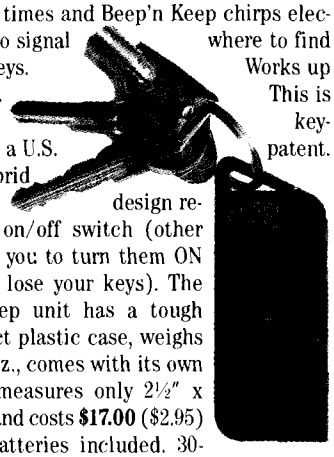
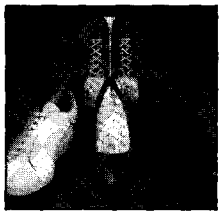
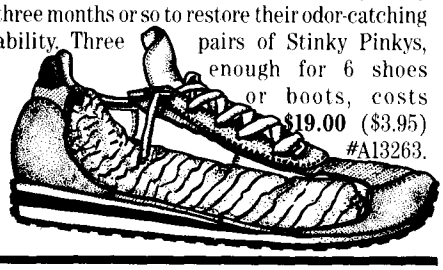


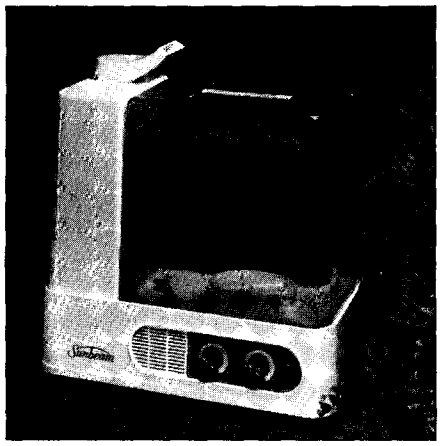
STINKY PINKYS



Fortunately, human anatomy is arranged so the nose and the feet are separated by the greatest possible distance. Even so, the twain do occasionally meet — and the nose is usually not delighted to know of the foot's exertions. Now just put a Stinky Pinky "sock" in each shoe and overnight odor is gone, absorbed by the special blend of all-natural earth materials. Works in running shoes, sneakers, boots, leather shoes, anything that goes on your feet. And keeps on working too — just put Stinky Pinkys out in the sun for a day every three months or so to restore their odor-catching ability. Three pairs of Stinky Pinkys, enough for 6 shoes or boots, costs **$19.00** ($3.95) #A13263.

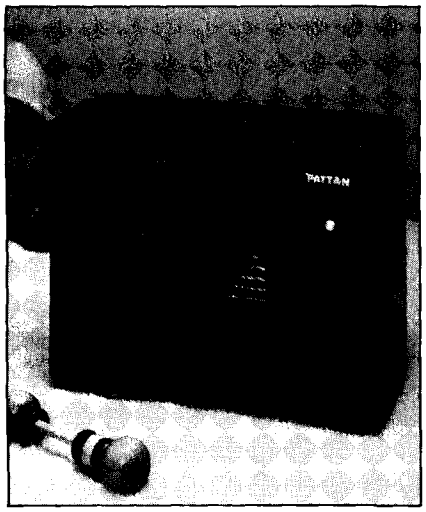


24-HOUR HUMIDIFIER



This second generation ultrasonic humidifier doubles your satisfaction because you fill it only half as often — new 2-gallon reservoir allows up to 24 hour continuous operation on a single filling. Of course there are all the standard advantages of this popular new humidifying technology — nearly silent operation, a mist so fine that it carries and disperses exceptionally well, cool spray for health and safety. This Sunbeam model has automatic humidistat, variable mist output control, 4″ reservoir opening for easy filling, tip over switch for automatic cut off if unit is knocked over plus a 1-year limited warranty and costs **$99.00** ($10.95) #A1384. The standard model (not shown) with a 1-gallon reservoir and no tip over switch costs **$85.00** ($10.95) #A1385.

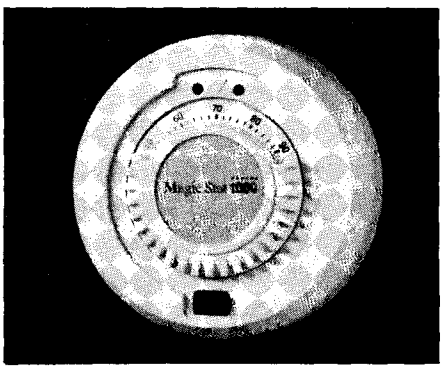
HEAT PLUS



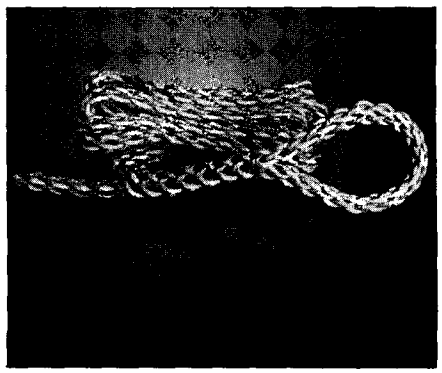
Weight: a mere 4¼ lbs. Measurements: only 9″ x 11″ x 6″. Yet this little dynamo produces as much heat as any portable electric heater on the market — oil-filled, quartz, radiant, none delivers more warmth than this handy Patton unit. Plus it is *fast* — "hairpin" design heating element for maximum efficiency, 6″ fan for fast forced-air response. Plus it cleans the air — snap-in replaceable filter removes smoke, dust, pollen, end odors year-around. Plus ultra-safe design — case stays cool, element never gets red-hot, unit fully UL-listed. Three heat settings plus fan-only operation. Automatic thermostat. Special *anti-freeze* setting keeps room temperature 34°-39° so pipes won't freeze in an otherwise unheated space. American-made with an impressive 5-yr. warranty. Woodgrain-look plastic case with moulded carrying handle and cord storage. **$49.00** ($6.95) #A1408.

PRE-PROGRAMMED REPLACEMENT THERMOSTAT

The new microelectronic thermostats let homeowners have their cake and eat it too. You can have temperature set-back for economy, but you can also have the house warm and waiting when you get up in the morning or come home in the evening. The MagicStat 1000 is the simplest, most inexpensive way to bring these advantages to *your* home. It mounts to the pre-wired base of your existing round thermostat and offers four pre-set energy-saving programs. Installation requires only a screwdriver. You merely select the activity pattern that fits your lifestyle and decide the amount of temperature adjustment you want. From there the MagicStat takes over and adjusts the thermostat automatically. Works for heating or cooling. Easy override if you need to change the program. Manufacturer guarantees you will more than recover the cost of the unit from first year's fuel savings. The MagicStat 1000 is a surprisingly affordable **$49.00** ($4.95) #A1487.



PYTHON ROPE TIES WITHOUT KNOTS



There is a lot of folk lore — none of it true — about snakes that swallow their tails, but here's a rope that actually turns the trick. Just thread the end back through the rope at what ever point you want to secure it and pull tight. The more pressure the tighter the grip. There you have it — a rope that ties without knots! Nothing could be easier, more reliable or versatile. Light duty Python Rope comes in 28′ length that will suspend up to 1000# for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1506. Heavy-duty Python Rope comes in 11½′ length with suspension strength of 3000# for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1507. Both are made of rot-proof high-density polyethylend for a lifetime of rugged service.

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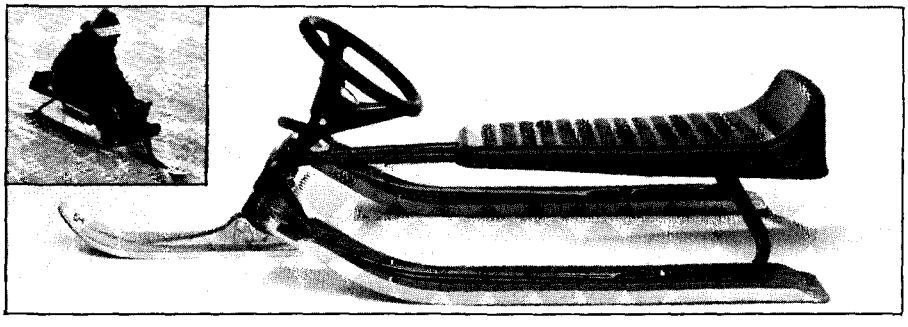
SNOW RACER

Do yourself — or someone you like — a big favor this winter. Go for a ride on this Snow Racer sled from Canada. Feel the thrills of childhood come surging up again as you speed over the snow in blissful abandon. Don't worry about getting *too* carried away — this sled has a strong well-positioned brake, and you need merely pull back on the handle to slow down to normal. As for control, a small, tight racing-style steering wheel lets you direct the front ski. For more dramatic maneuvers, you can shift weight on the side runners, which are curved to maintain speed even in tight turns. If you fall off, the spring-loaded steering turns the front ski inward and brings the sled to a stop within a few feet. For getting back *up* the hill, there is a rope hole for towing. The Snow Racer is ruggedly made with a tubular steel frame that will support the weight of two adults (450 lbs), **$59.00** ($10.95) #A1451.



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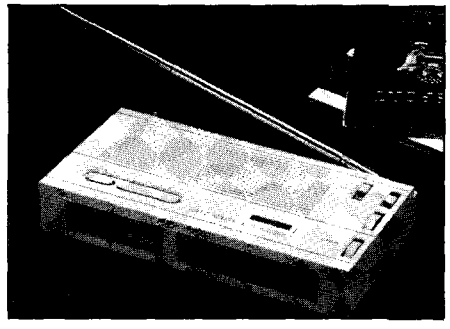


If this is the *only* extra you take along on your next trip, you'll still have all your comforts covered — a full-featured battery-operated clock/radio smaller than a paperback book. Listen to AM or FM (telescoping 17" antenna for superior reception), fall asleep to music, wake right on time to radio or alarm, snooze safely, check the time at a glance (displayed in large LCD numerals right down to the second). All this convenience is packed in a stylish grey-and-black case, only 6" x 3¼" x 1¼" and barely 12 oz. Uses 4 AA batteries, not included. No traveler could ask for more useful features in a smaller, handier package. The price is compact, too: **$29.00** ($4.95) #A1434.

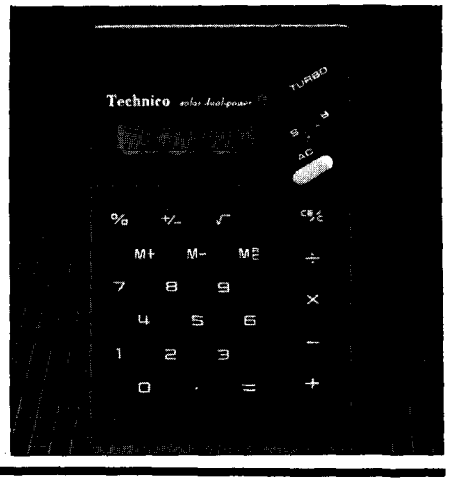
AROMA IS THE ANSWER

The newest generation of home coffeemakers achieve new levels of taste by brewing just under the boiling point and then trapping the steam so it re-condenses without carrying off the delicate dimensions of the flavor. The pivoting filter on the Braun Aromaster gives maximum protection against aroma loss, yet is convenient enough to operate with one hand. "Plus" Switch gives extra filtering time for added aroma when making 3 cups or less. Designed for super-easy use and cleaning, with a removable water measure scale, excess cord storage, and automatic drip stop feature.

Special interrupt feature lets you remove carafe during brewing cycle for a quick first cup of coffee. Ten cup model for **$59.00** ($6.95) #A1476; or 12-cup for **$69.00** ($7.95) #A1477. Lifetime filter of fine gold-plated mesh **$17.00** ($1.95) #A1374.

DAY OR NIGHT CALCULATOR

For economy's sake, this new Technico SB-10 calculator is solar-powered, so you aren't faced with the recurring necessity of expensive battery replacements. For convenience's sake, there is a long-lasting battery back-up, so you can keep right on figuring in low-light conditions. You get best-of-both-worlds performance and flexibility at surprisingly modest cost. The staggered configuration of the keyboard makes it nearly impossible to hit two keys at once, the commonest problem with pocket calculators. The soft-touch raised rubber keys have non-slip surfaces for comfortable, sure operation. 8-digit display with monetary punctuation (comma every third digit). Includes percentage, square root, and constant calculation functions as well as independent memory. Two-year replaceable battery, three-year limited warranty. The Technico SB-10 weighs only 1 oz, measures 3½" x 2½" x ¼", comes with carry pouch for just **$14.00** ($2.95) #A1450. The dual capability promises that anytime you need to know a figure, you'll never come up at a loss.



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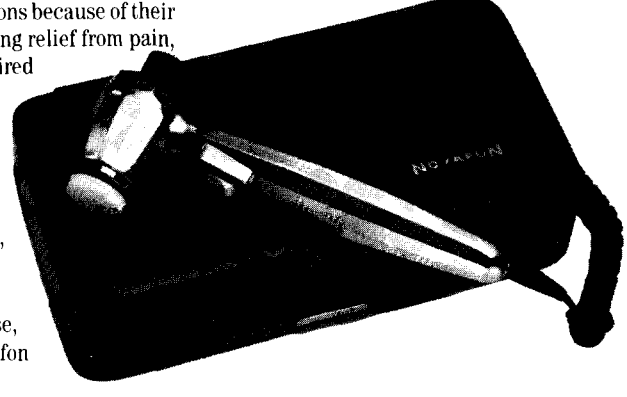
Tested more than 30 years, the Novafon sound massager is used in clinics and health centers around the world. It is safe for anyone. Novafon's sound waves penetrate up to 2¼", and they help a variety of conditions because of their mixed frequencies. They bring relief from pain, loosen joints and soothe tired muscles, help circulation, speed recovery from exercise and over-exertion. The Novafon is lightweight (8 oz.), small (8" length). Adjustable intensity control, choice of massage heads (disc-type and ball-type). It comes in a fitted plush case, perfect for carryalong. Novafon is made in West Germany, guaranteed for 1 year against defects, and costs **$159.00** ($8.95) #EDA1399. Because there are no interacting mechanical parts to wear out, the unit will give many years of service.



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The file cabinets are solid wood, handcrafted of oak and oak veneer, sanded and hand-lacquered to a satin finish. Raised-panel drawer fronts framed in solid oak, rabbeted to sides and bottom for strength. Drawer handles and label plates are cast solid brass. Commercial quality drawer glides rated to hold 100 lbs.

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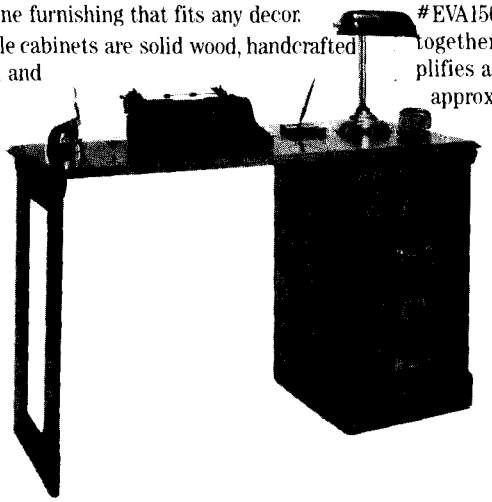
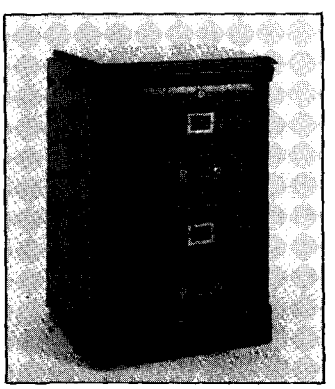
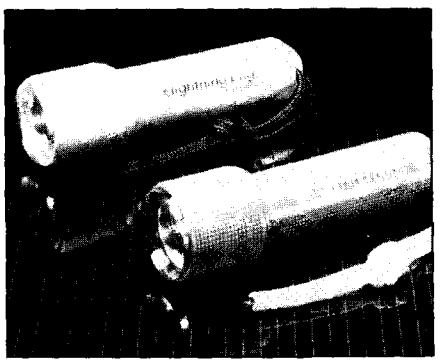
Legal size cabinet holds legal or letter size files. Solid wood 18″ x 48″ drop-leaf hideaway desk fits over file, turns it into full-size desk extending in either direction, **$59.00** ($11.95) #EVA1505. File cabinets arrive ready-to-put-together with new cam-lock system that simplifies assembly, requires only screwdriver and approximately 30 minutes.





COLORFUL LIGHTNING BUGS



A sage once observed that it is impossible to have *too many* flashlights. We agree, especially when the lights are as fun, colorful and convenient as these little Lightning Bugs from Sassafras. Stick them in the glove compartments of your cars, in kitchen drawers, in hallway tables, in your favorite hiking jacket. Give them to the kids for both play and protection. They throw out an amazing amount of light (1600 candlepower) despite weighing under 2 oz. and measuring only 4″ long. They are totally waterproof (to 2,000′!) and the bright ABS case is virtually indestructible. Uses standard #222 bulb and two alkaline N cells (not included). The Lightning Bugs are available in sets of two, one yellow and one blue, for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1424. A set of 4 batteries, enough for both flashlights, is available for **$3.00** ($1.95) #A1425.

ORANGE MAGIC

Oranges are good for a whole lot more than eating. Citrus oil, is a powerful cleaning agent with none of the liabilities of chemical solvents. It is safe, gentle, natural, pleasant to use. Orange Magic levitates — inkspots, blood, grass stains, paint splatters, caked-on grease, mildew, adhesive, lipstick, gum, tar, and scuff marks. Just spray it on, wait a few minutes, rinse, and see the dirt vanish. It's good enough to be the New York Transit Authority's cleaner of choice for combatting graffiti in the subways. It's pleasant-smelling, nonabrasive and nontoxic, kind to hands, and colorfast fabrics, biodegradable. We offer two pump bottles of Orange Magic for **$15.00** ($3.95) #A1342.

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Deep heat pain relief. Heating pads and hot water bottles mainly warm the surface of the skin — their heat does not penetrate deep into muscles and joints. Infrared heat goes deep beneath the skin to reach the actual site of inflammation and discomfort. It has been used for years by doctors and therapists, in place of medication, to gain natural relief of pain. Now there is a home unit, the Infralux, that allows you to apply infrared heat yourself, as often as you like. Fast (5-10 minutes), effective relief of pain from sinus headache, arthritis, bursitis, backache, neuralgia, sprains, muscular aches and pains. Perfectly safe to use. Hi/low settings. 6″ long. Plugs in normal household outlet. Comes with convenient carrying case for portability. The Infralux costs **$29.00** ($3.95) #A1514. Why take medications when you can get natural pain relief?

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people failed to increase. After 1974 the providential boon of North Sea oil cushioned Britain against two recessions and continued to mask the underlying deterioration in competitiveness.

We also must not equate the concept of "relative decline" with a general decadence. Most ages imagine themselves to be in a fallen state compared with some previous and more golden age. It is easy to lump everything together—football violence, city riots, crime on the streets, the drug epidemic, the erosion of the family. There is nothing unique to Britain about these distempers. The United States is the proof that unemployment, poverty, crime, and violence can flourish in the cities of a technologically dominant economy.

Nevertheless, our long decline relative to others is not without its specific penalties. Slow growth and high expectations have taken their toll on the physical environment; much of Britain today has a dilapidated air. We are falling behind in health and educational standards. On average we are now significantly less wealthy than the Frenchman or the German, or even the Italian from the prosperous north of his country. The inequalities in our own society are widening and becoming more divisive. Violence is growing from its social roots. The more meager the bone, the more fiercely the dogs worry about their share of it.

There may be something in Mancur Olson's somewhat paradoxical theory that Britain's admired political stability is a cause of its relative economic decline. But it does not seem to me that the British are a people uniquely resistant to change. Rather, the cumulative causations of 100 years or more have resulted in a condition in which an almost superhuman adaptation would be required to reverse the path of relative decline. The principal recommendation of the House of Lords study is that the national attitude toward trade and manufacturing "needs to change—and change radically." How many hundreds or thousands of times has this been said? How does a government go about changing deeply rooted cultural attitudes? Margaret Thatcher dreams of Britain becoming an "enterprise society" on the American model, but we are not the United States and never can be; we are a small, homogeneous island society with a long and heavy past.

ATTITUDES *do* change, slowly. The hold of the trade unions on the British economy has weakened, and there are signs that the trade union mentality may be on the wane; "Thatcherism," a doctrinaire brew similar to Reaganomics, has shaken things up a bit and dealt a few blows to the statist habits of mind that had taken hold in the postwar period. But what has happened is nowhere near a transformation, and transformation, if that is what is required to fill the oil gap, there is not going to be.

Does this mean that in the end we shall sink slowly into the sea? Are we to be the first modern society to go from developed to underdeveloped? I don't think so. There is a danger that the cumulative effects of our relative decline will produce a catastrophic absolute decline. That was the fate of Imperial Spain. But, as Robert Browning wrote, "Venice spent what Venice earned" and Venice survived all the same, perhaps more gracious in decline than in the brash heyday of its power, and still today the Palazzo Rezzonico, where the poet lived, survives in crumbling magnificence on the Grand Canal. With luck we shall go on adapting slowly, not enough to keep up with the world but enough to avoid a fate worse than decline.

Dr. Thatcher's medicine hasn't worked.

Is There A Cure?

By John Lloyd

London

IN the television age most countries project themselves onto the consciousness of foreigners through personalities. For years Britain has impinged on the world through the starkly contrasting images of Margaret Thatcher, the shopkeeper's daughter who attracted the loyalty of enough of the Tory Party and the country to change both; and Princess Diana, the aristocrats' child who caught the lonely eye of the Prince of Wales and who seems about to offer the British royal family yet another, even more vacuous, lease on life through physical beauty, public charm, and an alliance with the more polite parts of the domain of pop.

PHOTO BY DAN BALIOTTI/ ANIMALS ANIMALS

The images are bold but a little hollow. Princess Diana's husband, that melancholy-looking man on the edge of the screen, at times echoes the sentiments of a previous Prince of Wales, Edward VII, who destroyed his brief reign by his stubborn fidelity to an American divorcée. When he took time off from his Mediterranean yachting to visit a depressed South Wales mining valley, he observed that "something must be done." Prince Charles, too, thinks "something must be done."

But *what*? That is, of course, part of the familiar debate between left, right, and now center. But it is also a matter on which more confusion exists than can be contained within their philosophies. Both the images and reality of contemporary Britain are schizoid. A four-year rise in company profits (from a very low level) is accompanied by growing impoverishment and a widening of the income gulf; a 15 percent rise in real income since the Conserva-

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tives took office in 1979 runs parallel to unemployment, now over 13 percent. The balance of trade remains in surplus as the oil is pumped out of the North Sea and out of the country; but in the first half of 1985, Britain ran a deficit of around three billion pounds on manufactured goods. Expense-account living at home and abroad provides U.K. manufacturing with one of its few success stories—Jaguar cars; but in the inner cities, expense accounts are not available to buy drugs, so the crime rates increase to pay for them.

Pressing in upon the British sense of self-esteem is the greater success of other states. Britain rid itself of Empire relatively fast. With more reluctance, it fitted itself into a superpower diplomatic matrix that largely excluded it. But harder still has been the adjustment to economic pressure—the realization that the "beaten" states of Germany and Japan used the rebuilding of national capital and national will to forge formidable industrial machines; that the temperamental French and volatile Italians were better at making many products than the practical British; that countries we had governed or condescended to were achieving a level of industrialization that threatened our market shares, often trapped in low-technology niches and prey to products with lower labor costs. The 19th-century things (coal, steel, ships, capital equipment, textiles) and the 20th-century things (cars, trucks, electrical goods, telecommunications, electronics) all were being done as well or better or more cheaply by others. The British social or class system, dependent upon being the workshop for a substantial part of the world, now begins to fray.

SOPHISTICATED British tell their U.S. counterparts that they envy their lack of class, that feature of British society held to be largely responsible for its inflexibility. But the class system produced more that was pleasing to the eye than Princess Diana. After the war, it was able to cope with a social democratic reform boom that preserved social peace, saw a tremendous increase of welfare for the working class and the maintenance of comfort (if not of effective leadership in industry) of the middle and upper classes. Within the working class, the craft and skilled workers (nearly all men) controlled a trade union movement that was highly constitutional and highly efficient at getting wage increases and delivering both on industrial action and on agreements. It was, of course, ever more shrilly blamed for most of the political and economic ills of the country. It now becomes clear that the failure was much more that of those who had the responsibility, education, and wealth that should have allowed them to identify, and achieve, progress. This failure has come home to roost under Mrs. Thatcher (not by any means all *because* of her) at the same time that the market begins to fragment and to dynamize the century-old lineaments of class.

The "Labor aristocracy," in Professor Eric Hobsbawm's phrase—which counted on a five- or seven-year apprenticeship for its members and their children, followed by a relatively well-paid job—is now called upon to perform tasks previously the property of the front office. As automated intelligence infuses their tools, they are pushed toward being programmers and technicians, wearing white coats instead of blue overalls. As the labor cost competition howls round their ankles from the south and east, their companies can no longer afford the luxury of dividing them from "laborers" and "semiskilled": the new agreements signed in Britain's small high-tech sector have "craftsmen" fetching their own materials and servicing and sweeping up round their machines. A giant step, one that ten years ago would have been felt to be impossibly demeaning.

The same and other cost pressures impel the big corporations, public and private, to a new form of industrial life: toward entrepreneurship. They seek to shave down their directly employed staff, hiving off as many functions as they can to subcontracted companies, to freelance workers, to part-timers, to home workers. Within the core, and on the periphery (for the consultants and the boss subcontractors), life can be relatively secure and lucrative. But not for the workers whose jobs are no one's responsibility but their own. In one view, the new world of work is terribly convenient, especially for women who seek part-time jobs to mesh with child rearing, and who constitute the only growing sector of employment. In another, it is a sink of wage-cutting and minimal standards, exercising a strong downward pull on all salaries.

Policymakers now acknowledge the emergence of a dual labor market. Organized labor is both skeptical and hateful of it, since it destroys its citadels of strength, but those in the present government and in industry seek to encourage it, looking enviously at the flexibility of wages, of work, and of living patterns in the U.S. With its face firmly set against the kind of fiscal and monetary expansion that kept the U.S. booming through the Reagan years and dragged down the U.K. and other European economies, the government relies on keeping interest rates high (to the distress of industry) and on exhorting wage levels down. The message from the November conference of the Confederation of British Industry was the old-fashioned Yorkshire saying "nowt for nowt" (nothing for nothing). Taking leaves from the books of U.S. auto plants, they determined that wage increases had to be earned from now on.

WEAVING through current concerns is the "new" one of race. The inner-city riots of the warm autumn were brief affairs, but were shocking in the harshness of the relations they revealed between police and young blacks. Riots in two London areas, Brixton and Tottenham, were apparently sparked by police killings, accidental in both cases, of middle-aged black women in their own homes. In the midst of the outrage, looting, rape, and the hacking to death of a policeman were let loose. In a third riot, in the Birmingham suburb of Handsworth, apparently prompted by black resentment over a police crackdown on drugs, two Asian brothers were immolated in their shop.

The response has revealed a sharp tug between liberalism and authority. The obvious fact that in many areas

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FANCY FOOTWORK

AN IRISH DIPLOMAT once suggested to me in an admiring tone that although Britain had become "a Morris Minor of a country, it's still got a Rolls Royce of a Diplomatic Service." He was praising the handiwork of his British counterparts in steering America to Britain's side in the Falklands war. In the saccharine afterglow of the visit to Washington by Princess Diana and her husband, some serious commentators have demonstrated their own virile republicanism by rubbishing not only the Royal visitors but also the country they represent: miserable, decaying Britannia, with its collapsing industries, impossible labor relations, and wimpish managerial class. But there are still some pillars of the British Establishment that periodically live up to their reputations. Spare a kind thought for the Foreign Office, once the citadel of Empire, now a master practitioner of both the refined and vulgar tricks of modern diplomacy.

It would be wrong to consider modern British diplomacy unmindful of its imperial past. Among the most effective devices the Foreign Office uses to dazzle or persuade are the trappings of the former empire. The British monarchy is still the lushest and most convincing imperial touring company in the world, and British diplomacy knows how to deploy it to maximum effect, softening up even cynical adversaries. The Royal visit demonstrated the extent to which the stage managers of the Windsors' tour (principally the Foreign Office) were willing to exploit Britain's most noted museum pieces for such mundane purposes as boosting Christmas sales at JC Penney.

Despite Britain's diminished circumstances, successive Socialist and Conservative governments have resisted the temptation of pruning too drastically the accoutrements of the Foreign Office style. Can any Washington embassy be more stately than the British ambassador's residence on Massachusetts Avenue, built and furnished like an authentic "Treasure House"? The ambassador's residence in Paris is decorated like the mansion of a Second Empire nobleman.

Apart from its reputation for lavish entertaining, since 1938 the Foreign Office has been associated with the less majestic diplomatic tactic known as "appeasement." There is little art in a policy which says that to get along you go along; but expediency always has been a strong suit of British diplomacy. The Munich agreement for "Peace in Our Time" between Chamberlain and Hitler, Britain's humiliation at Suez in 1956, and the disintegration of the Empire convinced the Foreign Office of Britain's rapidly diminishing ability to influence world events. Unable today to bluster its way with any but the weakest adversary, the Foreign Office has learned to marry the glitter of its imperial road show with modern tools of international relations such as public relations and lobbying. One result is Britain's increasing agility at extricating itself from tight spots. The Foreign Office has become practiced at a sleight-of-hand maneuver whereby, when confronted with overwhelming odds, it declares victory and surrenders quietly.

Lord Carrington tested out this technique upon the former white settlers in Rhodesia, with impressive results. At the Lancaster House conference, the Foreign Office, amid Royal splendor, arranged a clever formula for Bishop Abel Muzorewa and his white backers led by Ian Smith to hand over power to his deadly enemy, Robert Mugabe. Then the Foreign Office proclaimed diplomatic triumph for all sides (including itself). The recent agreement between London and Beijing, under which Hong Kong essentially will revert to Chinese control after Britain's lease runs out in 1997, brought similar self-congratulatory fanfare from the Foreign Office, which seems to have drowned out the faint cries of naysayers. Many have interpreted the new British-Irish agreement giving Dublin an advisory role in Ulster affairs as the beginning of another subtle surrender by Britain.

THE GRACEFUL EXIT is, at minimum, more artful than abject self-subjugation. But while the Foreign Office is perfecting the quick

young blacks have an unemployment rate of 50 percent has been countered with the obvious fact that they are disproportionately represented in crime statistics. The government has come down more heavily on the latter response; the police are to get new riot-control technology and more officers. At the same time, though, the government is pushing more money into inner-city areas, and encouraging employers to take their social responsibilities there more seriously. Once again the U.S. is held to be a model.

Liberals and even left-wingers, for their part, point to the U.S. government programs to fight discrimination by the withholding of federal contracts—a move the Thatcher government has shied away from. Positive discrimination moves here often rouse the ire of white workers who point out that the unemployed are of every color. Britain's small black political community is split over the issue.

The political system is a two-party one struggling to come to terms with the third, center, force. The Social Democrats, who split from Labor in 1982, are a tiny group in the House of Commons, but with the Liberals constitute an Alliance that attracts both guilty or dispirited Conservatives and Labor supporters who still think their former party is not responsible enough to govern. The government has more or less publicly identified unemployment as its weakest limb, and has put most of its bets on a revival of small businesses by cutting regulations and taxes in the hope that they will grow and offer jobs to the unemployed. Chancellor Nigel Lawson also sees in labor-intensive services a solution to his party's dilemma—but has inflamed the anger of Britain's hard-pressed manufacturers by appearing to dismiss their needs and claims for aid.

For Labor, which in 1983 had lost so many of its traditional supporters that it could no longer attract even the majority of trade unionists (about 50 percent of the work force, though falling), the trick is to stay away from leftist rhetoric, stay away from specific commitment, stay away

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getaway for dealing with imposing adversaries or unwanted colonies, it is honing an entirely different skill for dealing with its closest ally: the tactic of gentlemanly bullying.

Since its victory in the Falklands, the Foreign Office has continued to squeeze other choice but little-noticed favors from its once-rebellious colony. These frequently involve bilateral issues that are obscure to American politicians but critical to British ministers desperate to exploit any gimmick that might help to patch up Britain's crumbling economy.

The Reagan administration's decision a year ago to drop a criminal antitrust investigation into the collapse of Laker Airlines is one striking example of how assertive British diplomacy can be. The Thatcher government, anxious to cut its borrowing, wanted to sell the government-owned British Airways to private buyers. But a Justice Department investigation of British Airways's (and other European airlines') involvement in an alleged conspiracy to drive Sir Freddy Laker's discount airline out of business cast a shadow over the Thatcher government's "privatization" plan: if British Airways were indicted, it could pave the way for multimillion-dollar triple-damage judgments against the airline in parallel civil lawsuits.

For months British diplomats and visiting ministers hectored administration officials, urging that the Laker investigation be terminated; appeals to Anglo-American friendship alternated with threats of British legal retaliation. Finally, a few days before Mrs. Thatcher was due at Camp David to open discussions with President Reagan last December on British support for Star Wars, the Justice Department suddenly announced it had folded the Laker investigation for unexplained "foreign policy reasons." Senior administration officials only smile coyly when asked if the antitrust inquiry was closed in order to improve the atmosphere for Anglo-American talks on Star Wars. In the event, Thatcher endorsed Star Wars, but the Foreign Office also wrung out of Reagan about the only firm commitment he has ever made to limit the strategic defense program. This was a four-point agreement announced by Thatcher in which the president promised not to deploy a Star Wars system without international negotiations first. The Foreign Office is so proud of this Reagan pledge that British diplomats sometimes refer to it as the "Camp David Agreement."

More recently, Britain elicited from the White House a promise of federal action to curb some states' "unitary taxation" practices, which sought to tax the worldwide income of British multinational companies. British Embassy politicking also neutralized repeated efforts by the Buy American Caucus in Congress to block or cancel lucrative Pentagon contracts to buy such prosaic British products as ejector seats and Navy training planes.

The Foreign Office had some less stellar successes since the departure from Capitol Hill of one of the British Embassy's most reliable allies, Senator John Tower. Recently it failed to sell the U.S. Army on a cellular telephone system designed by the British firm Plessey. Incessant British lobbying this time began to irritate Congress and the administration, particularly when it turned out that Britain's equipment was nearly twice as expensive as a similar system designed by the French. (British officials, with uncharacteristic sourness, suggest the Pentagon cooked the figures in favor of the French.) The British may also have overreached in pressing for congressional approval of a new U.S.-U.K. extradition agreement. It is designed to plug a legal loophole that has allowed a handful of IRA terrorists to take refuge in America; but the proposed treaty revision has encountered vehement bipartisan opposition from Senate Foreign Relations Committee members who fear it would set a bad precedent for future political refugee policy.

But British diplomats stiffen their upper lips and insist they ultimately will win battles like this. They talk with the confidence of Rolls Royce owners facing off against a fleet of Oldsmobiles.

MARK HOSENBALL

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from such damaging entanglements as support for the miners' strike—and hope that the bright, fresh, and friendly image that its new leader, Neil Kinnock, has managed to convey will win the day against right and center, and take the majority of seats in the Commons. If not—and there are many in the party as well as out who say the time for that old trick is now passed—both Labor and the Conservatives are in the era of coalition government, long scorned as the kind of thing only these Continental Europeans went in for.

But more and more, Britain is part of Europe. Though some in Labor would still like to see an end to the Common Market, there is not now a political force that could sever the link. Trade flows are embedded in the EEC. The country's laws have changed to accommodate it, and continue to do so; the betting is that the pound will soon align itself with the European Monetary System, for all the narrowing of freedom to maneuver that will bring. Many of Britain's fears and falterings are common to the Continental members: the aging industries, the pressure of Pacific Basin competition, the rather resentful dependency on U.S. military power, the barely spoken worry that the long bloom of European civilization's hegemony is passing for something unfamiliar.

It cannot be said that Britain, or Europe, is merely clinging to a wreckage. Observed from a 40-year retrospect, Europe's recovery from a war fought largely across it (including European Russia) has been remarkable on both sides of the East/West divide. But the European partners have lost the initial idealism for unity. Their industries do not have the markets of the U.S. or the efficiency of the Japanese; their cultures are rich, but have not yet found an easy way to be fully popular. Britain is irrevocably part of all of this now, despite periodic fits of chauvinism and nostalgia, and great waves of sentiment for a special relationship with the U.S. Can it assist in the creation of a new common purpose for these old nations, and in doing so, find a role of its own? □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Fooling Around with Love

An oddity: Sam Shepard, by now an internationally celebrated dramatist, has a play adapted for the screen before he has one produced on Broadway. Another oddity: two audiences will see the film of *Fool for Love*, one that knows the play and one that doesn't. Familiar though this schism is from the past (though it's not always important), it's relevant here, especially because Shepard himself made the screen adaptation. I saw the play and then saw the film through that experience: I could trace how certain changes had been made, wisely or not. I can only guess at the uninitiated viewer's response, how he will understand or fail to understand what is happening.

Fool for Love
(Cannon Group)

The play has four characters and one set, a shabby motel room on the edge of the Mojave Desert. These facts are of its essence, as is the author's injunction: "This play is to be performed relentlessly without a break." In that room, from the very start, are May and Eddie, both in their 30s, she in casual clothes, he in worn cowboy gear. Downstage left is an old man sitting in a rocker on a platform that is an unrealistic extension of the scruffy realistic set. What happens in that room is the biting, tearing, pleading, and embracing of two people who have been doomed to love each other, even though he has continually mistreated and abandoned her, even though they are half brother and half sister. The old man is their father, symbolically present, making occasional gnomic remarks, adding information. The only other character is a local young man, Martin, bland and commonplace, who gets innocently involved in the turbulence.

At the start, Eddie has just arrived, after trailing the runaway May over 2,000 miles in his pickup, which hauls a van carrying his three horses. (He's a rodeo performer.) May had fled because he was having an affair with a rich woman called the Countess. The Countess, we learn later, has herself trailed Eddie; she fires shots into the room, though she never appears.

Most of the play is between May and Eddie, corralled in that room like two bucking horses. (The theater setting was scuffed with boot marks, left there from performance to performance as if to preserve and predict the way these two people beat against the walls.) At the end the Countess sets the motel on fire. Eddie's horses have kicked loose from their van; Eddie says he's going out for a moment. But May knows—it's not clear how—that he has gone for good. Then she leaves too, alone. Martin stands numbly, watching the fire out the window. The old man just keeps rocking while the place burns down.

Shepard himself directed the production I saw, as relentlessly as he had enjoined. The staccato dialogue crackled with Shepard voltage, the long speeches had his harmonica-in-the-desert-night poignancy. The father (the father as eccentric loner adored by his kids is a recurrent Shepard figure) seemed pasted on the edge of the play dramaturgically as well as physically; the ending was arbitrary rather than conclusive. But the substance of the play was the abrasion of these two tangled lives. Shepard's keynote was violence and not, or not only, the expected physical violence of the West. His impulse—not new in his work but still fiery—was to drive right through the familiarities of the cowboy-cowgirl West into the labyrinths of psyche and sex that must always have been there and can no longer be ignored: a West that still holds maleness and male ethos as prime ("Anybody who ain't a cowboy ain't shit"), but is no longer held free of the convolutions that twist the rest of humankind.

I've gone on at length about the play because it seems the only way to make clear how the film, directed by Robert Altman, is not driven "relentlessly": it is fissured, then larded with fatty symbolism, and it is explicated explicated explicated—with picture and talk—until much of the caged, trapped feeling of the play is chattered and movieized away. The unsatisfactory yet threatening play has been made gummily mysterious. Shepard is famously his own man, and if he says he wrote the screenplay, that's that; but there's a lot of troweled-on artiness here that correlates directly with previous Altman films.

For instance, did Shepard's screenplay specify that, in the very first shot, a vista of the New Mexico landscape, there were to be sunspots on the camera lens? Or was that Altman's arrogance? Was it Shepard's idea that May as a small child should wander through the early part of the film, staying with her parents at the very same motel as the grown May and Eddie? That the grown May should embrace her childhood self at one point? That the father should not only be seen at the motel as

FILMS WORTH SEEING

After Hours. Midnight to morn in the life of a New York yuppie. Martin Scorsese turns comic fantasy into macabre adventure, but he does it well. (Reviewed 10/14/85)

Macaroni. Appetizing and nonfattening. Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni remeet in Naples 40 years after the war. Enjoyable nonsense. (11/18/85)

Shoah. The title is Hebrew for "holocaust." This nine-and-a-half-hour documentary (shown in two parts) contains *not one foot of film you have ever seen.* Claude Lanzmann shot it after 1976, interviewing witnesses of the Final Solution—survivors of the camps, bystanders, and German participants. Ten years' work in 14 countries has produced both a generally fine piece of filmmaking and a grave, important contribution to the history of this century. (10/28/85)

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a young man, dad of the kid, but should also be a realistic old codger who lives in a wreckish trailer on the edge of the motel? And that this old man should wander unrealistically through all the realistic motel action with sardonic prescience about what is going to happen?

I, as may happen to others who know the play, saw that the compressed play had been opened into film by using the peripheral sagacity of the father as the chief source of additional material. The newcomer won't know the source of the symbolic nonsense. But if the newcomer knows Altman, he may recognize the disjuncture between flashbacks and the words describing them as attempted imaginative dislocation. Altman finesse can also be recognized in the frequent zoomings, in the shot from ground level over May's rump as she lies in the sand of the motel's kiddie playground. (Lost innocence, folks.) Nor can anyone miss Altman's dwelling on the detritus of motel decor as if he were revealing it for the first time.

The acting is a different matter. There is only one demurral here: Harry Dean Stanton, the father, is much more comfortable as the old codger than as the man whom two women, the mothers of May and Eddie, were absolutely insane about. (One of them trailed him for years, just as Eddie trailed May to this hotel.) But Kim Basinger as May is excellent. She is so pretty that—a stuffy prejudice, I admit—I was afraid she had been chosen for her looks; but she digs all the needed intensity right out of her innards. Altman must be credited with casting and directing her. This is also true of Randy Quaid, as the local buffoon who thought he had a date that night with May; he gives the trite role as much individuality as possible.

How much Altman had to do with Shepard's performance is problematic. Shepard not only wrote the part, he directed the play, and though Altman may have done some helping around the edges, the center—the lean, fierce, desperate, fatalistic center—is Shepard's. Altman's best cinematic touch is in his treatment of Shepard. He holds back Shepard's face for a while; what we see first is his sheer *length* as he gets out of his pickup in a long shot, the leggy, lithe silhouette that means masculinity, West, probably trouble. We don't glimpse Shepard's face until some minutes later, and that hawk face, now familiar from other films, fulfills what the silhouette and shadows have predicted.

Fool for Love gives us a pleasant discovery—Basinger's sexy force—and a pleasant rediscovery, Shepard's breathtaking consortium of talents, as actor, as writer (what's left of the original dialogue is strong), and as director (if you saw the play). But Altman or Shepard-and-Altman have made the film a teasing, portentous confusion. Somewhere inside the play the electric Shepard was struggling to emerge and almost made it. The film is insulated with cinematic rubber.

The skyscraper is reborn in Hong Kong.

BEAUTY AND THE BANK

BY MAYA LIN

THE SKYSCRAPER, the architectural form of the 20th century, is a product of modern economics as much as of modern technology. Its status and worth are judged mainly by its height and its exterior form. From the tall office buildings of Chicago built around the turn of the century; to the curtain-walled glass boxes of Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and his many imitators; to today's slick corporate monoliths sporting the latest haphazardly historic post-modern divots and curves, the search for a skyscraper form has been reduced to a variation of surface, a question of superficial image-making.

The steel frame construction methods developed at the turn of the century have not changed, nor have the basic layout and function of the office building. Indeed, the basic conception of the skyscraper has remained unchanged since Louis Sullivan, one of the first great skyscraper architects, spelled out the form's essential elements in his article "The Tall Office Building Artistically Considered," published in 1896. Sullivan connected this new and audacious architectural type with the dignified and acceptable form of the Greek column. The division of the column into its base, shaft, and capital translated into the organizational division of the skyscraper into its entrance, office spaces, and top. Despite the enormous increase in height and size of these structures, despite much superficial innovation, this simple design has not been altered. What has changed is the attention—or lack of it—to the detail and craft of the building. Now, however, a brilliant new skyscraper in Hong Kong has broken the mold, redefining the skyscraper from the inside out.

The romance of the skyscraper, the art and the craft of the tall office building, began with Adler and Sullivan's Wainwright Building. Built in downtown St. Louis in 1891, the nine-story Wainwright Building solved the problem of the tall office form. The massive stone-clad base planted the building firmly on the block, defining the street; yet the clearly defined vertical members carried the form upward as one sculptural gesture. The detailing of the structure, its delicate Celtic-inspired ornamentation, gave the building a grace and elegance that have seldom been seen since.

This blending of structural expressionism and romantic ornamentation culminated in the great Art Deco skyscrapers of the 1930s. The Chrysler Building by William van Allen and the Empire State Building by Shreve, Lamb, and Harmon marked not only the end of economic prosperity, but of architectural extravagance. In their towering forms, these two skyscrapers capture the myth of the skyscraper, appearing mountainous at their bases, yet launching into the sky, glamorously punctuated at their peaks by spires as delicately designed as jewelry.

The postwar era, and the influence of the International Style, brought a sober-

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ing clarity, a purification of the form. Mies van der Rohe translated the language of the skyscraper into modern terms, with classically proportioned, elegant glass-encased volumes such as the Seagram Building. Mies set the structure back from the street, treating it more as an isolated object that he carefully detailed. But since these first masterfully executed works of the mid-1950s, the skill or care given to attempt this thin-skinned "less is more" aesthetic has steadily been lost. The vast increase in height of the skyscraper, without proportionate changes in program or design, and with even less attention to detail, has left us stranded in a cityscape of scaleless, abstract, and inhuman forms.

We are met with showy facades, grand entrances, glorious tops, and a monotonous bore in between. To make matters worse, the entrance, scaled to the size of the whole structure, is frighteningly out of scale to the person on the street. The Humana Building by Michael Graves in Louisville, Kentucky, with its entrance colonnade reaching to nearly one-third the height of the entire building, is a prime example. And Johnson, Burgee's AT&T Building in midtown Manhattan greets the pedestrian with an exterior "plaza" that makes you feel the dark weight of the massive building looming above; it is seldom inhabited due to the echoings of traffic, the exhaust-filled updrafts, and its cumbersome scale. The fuss about the Chippendale top, which made the structure the focus of the postmodernist movement in the early 1970s, seems inconsequential at this point, since the novelty headpiece has all but disappeared from pedestrians' sight.

The vast majority of skyscrapers don't even attempt such artistry. They superficially uphold modernist "less is more" principles, using the curtain-walled aesthetic and producing the most cheaply designed and detailed simplistic shapes. The infinite variety of corporate towers may look interesting as an architect's model, but blown up to the scale of the city they have the effect of reducing the city back to a toy-model scale. We are left surrounded by simplistic gestures, abstract shapes—curves, ziggurats, pyramids, slabs, slivers, blocks, or some combination thereof. The fiction on the drawing tables, such as the fantastic drawings of the much-lauded Chicago skyscraper firm of Murphy Jahn and Associates, or the painterly renderings by Michael Graves, more often than not surpasses the final products, which fall flat on their lifeless facades in built form.

THE HONG KONG SHANGHAI BANK. PHOTO BY JOHN NYE.

Although one has the choice of any style on the outside, the inside remains a standard package deal, an accepted corporate environment, partitioned and hermetically sealed, with position in firm determining position on floor, and proximity to window being the prime status indicator—with only the color of the carpet changing. The description Sullivan gave of the treatment of the levels past the ceremonial public spaces has been taken literally by too many economically guided architects and developers:

> above this, an indefinite number of stories of offices, piled tier upon tier, one tier just like another, one office just like the other offices—an office building being similar to a cell in a honeycomb, merely a compartment, nothing more.

The "nothing more" spirit, however, is being challenged. As we approach the 21st century, the skyscraper is finally undergoing a marked change in both function and form. Coincidentally, two adjacent skyscrapers currently under construction on the island of Hong Kong exemplify this transformation. A comparison of the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank building, designed by Foster Associates, and the Bank of China building, by I.M. Pei, dramatically illustrates the break from the traditional formula for the tall office building. Both deviate from the modernist or postmodernist corporate image, choosing ahistorical, "science-fiction" forms rather than more of the same bland bureaucratic shapes littering the cityscape.

Yet Pei's design, based on traditional modernist principles and solutions, is still a variation on Sullivan's theme, whereas Foster's design is far more radical, redefining the function of the skyscraper. Foster puts space back into the architecture of the office building, and rejects the idea of architecture as pure image. The Hong Kong Shanghai Bank building is an integrated whole, with the exterior once again in conversation with the interior. The entire structure is meticulously planned. Its design and details display an old-fashioned attention to the craft of building. The scale of the structure is once again human, directed toward the individuals who work within and around it. The futuristic look, coupled with early 20th-century attention to craftsmanship, has produced a structure that is as much a part of skyscraper history as it is a part of the future.

The island of Hong Kong seems a surprising setting for such extravagant and innovative works. Although Hong Kong is one of the most densely developed cities, reported to have more skyscrapers per block than any other city, the mass of skyscrapers clustered along its waterfront is nondescript. The emergence of these two spectacular new

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buildings amid the dreary, mirrored glass boxes and computer punch card blocks is startling.

Foster's bank, which will not be completed until 1986, opened its lower floors for business in August, and has since received as many visitors to the building as customers to the bank. Pei's Bank of China, which will not be completed until 1988, is in its early phases of construction and can only be seen in architectural renderings and models, but it too promises a sci-fi look that will startle the unsuspecting visitor to Hong Kong. Both will stand at the front of the harbor, straight ahead as one approaches the island from the mainland, welcoming one not just to the island but to the 21st century.

These new forms come at a time when Hong Kong is undergoing a radical political change. In 1997 Britain will return the island to the People's Republic of China. China is keen on maintaining Hong Kong as the banking capital of the East and as its doorway to trade with the Western world, and hopes to preserve the island's reputation as a strong center of commerce. China's current push toward modernization could be no better represented than by these two buildings.

The structures are now rising, side by side, competing for attention above Status Square, the only large public open space on the island. Their architectural rivalry reflects the commercial rivalry that has existed between the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank and the Bank of China for most of this century.

THE differences between the two buildings begin at ground level, where the attitude that each building takes toward the square reflects fundamental differences in skyscraper design. Pei's is the more traditionally modern approach, presenting the building as object, and setting it apart from the urban street life on its own granite base. It is architecture as sculpture, raised onto a pedestal.

Foster's scheme chooses to work with the immediate concourse, which connects the Square fronting the building to Queen's Road, on the other side. He has brought the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank down from the sculptural pedestal that has long been the accepted position of the skyscraper.

Inside, both buildings have vast atria that open up their lower levels, thus creating a sense of a working communi-

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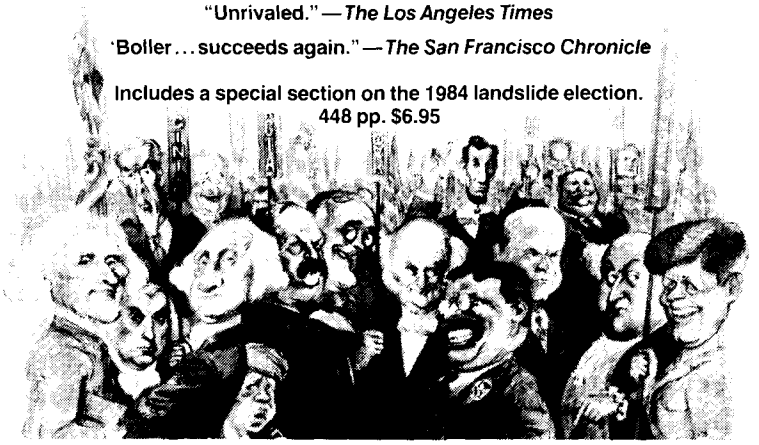

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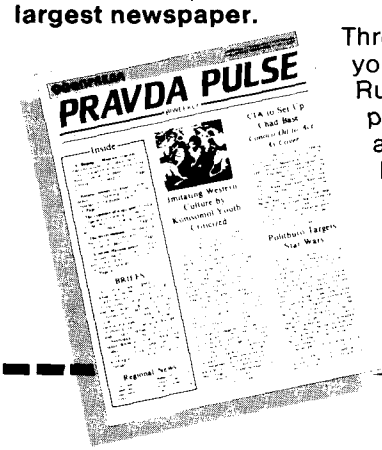

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ty. Not since Frank Lloyd Wright's Larkin building, built in Buffalo in 1909 (and unconscionably torn down in 1949), with its use of an interior atrium, has there been a conscious effort on the part of the architect to create a more socially responsive workplace. The grand atrium space of our time has been relegated to hotel and convention center lobbies, with Portman's Hyatts setting the standard for glamour and glitz—for the guests only; the corporate work environment has been left out of the picture.

Alongside their grand public atria, these two banks also break the usual monotony offered up by the endless, undifferentiated shaft; they are beginning to change the standard "beehive" atmosphere of the office building. Each skyscraper, as it increases in height, changes in shape, varying its exterior facade and its interior space.

BECAUSE it is in its early stages of construction, the Bank of China cannot really be discussed in the same detail as Foster's building. In plan, it is a simple square, with its granite base solidly anchored to its site. The ground-level plaza that surrounds the building (and further removes it from the life of the street) is an extravagant subtropical garden with stands of bamboo, waterfalls, and pools.

The grand entrance hall, within this granite base, is a 15-story atrium suffused with natural light from its slanted glass roof. The entrance hall fits a very traditional image of a banking hall, with plush interiors and subdued decor. Yet concealed behind the granite is the steel space frame structure that springs free with a light, glass curtain-walled skin, in total contrast to the building's massive base. The stolid bank vault image presented at ground level is in odd contrast to the sci-fi space frame tower that soars above it.

Although Pei chooses an abstract futuristic shape, he cannot quite abandon old-fashioned stereotypes for security and solidity. Once above the stone base, the space frame is fully exposed, revealing a lighter structure, far more complex. The building reflects Pei's penchant for abstract, sharp-edged geometries, like the Hancock Tower, or the East Building of the National Gallery, or more recently the pyramidal entrance planned for the Louvre addition. Pei says this form, with its incremental growth pattern, was inspired by the bamboo stalk, a classic Chinese symbol of revitalization and hope.

As with the Hancock Tower, the building will appear different from every angle, with no side repeated. Yet the interior working spaces, between the entrance hall and the grand meeting room below the pyramidal top, remain conventional and fairly nondescript. They are comfortably "corporate" but not worth mentioning. The facade has little relation to the interior, and while the floors change in plan as the tower increases in height, the basic functional division still exists between the base, shaft, and top.

THE Hong Kong Shanghai Bank makes no allusions to the past, either architecturally or culturally. The building is a celebration of technology and craftsmanship; it is a precisely engineered machine in its final form. Its exaggerated machine aesthetic differs radically from the poetic bamboo imagery that inspired Pei's Bank of China. Yet for all of Foster's machine imagery, the building is carefully designed in its relation to people, both in the interior working spaces and on the pedestrian street level.

Entrance to the bank is from underneath it; in the middle of the austere stone pedestrian walkway are two escalator ramps, set at sharp angles to the direction of the concourse. They ascend through two metal hatch doors in the glass roof of the concourse. Traveling up these skeletal escalators (which fully expose their internal mechanical system), one has the feeling of being carried into the belly of a spaceship. As you pass through the hatchway, the noise of the street fades yet the constant bustle of the street is still visible through the glass. The world below is oddly silent, and the brave new world above beckons.

The overall effect is a joyful celebration of the machine. Twenty-three elevators silently glide up and down the vertical supports, descending past the suspended floors, or vanishing beyond the visible levels of the 170-foot-high atrium. Sixty-two escalators thread their way through the entire structure, continuously in motion, always in view. Fire stairs run up the full length of the building, encased in glass chutes. Prefabricated service modules, housing the heating, ventilating, and plumbing systems, are located at the exterior sides of the building, easily accessible and easily maintained, unlike standard office buildings, which bury their mechanical systems in the inner core of the building. The inner mechanisms of gears, cables, and tracking systems of these machines are encased in glass, fully visible, and in constant motion. The modernist's dream of the "machine for living in" has become a reality.

The structure itself, closely tied to sophisticated engineering and bridge-building methods, uses prefabricated construction methods and space-age technology (consultants from NASA and the Concorde were brought in during the design phase of the building). Unlike earlier high-tech buildings, such as the Centre Pompidou in Paris, the promise of the outside is followed through on the inside. The "skin" can no longer be separated from the form it encloses.

The vertical steel masts, fully visible both inside and out, give the building its innovative image and dictate the quality of the spaces within. The floors are hung from these masts, in much the same way as a suspension bridge is supported. The eight vertical masts, placed in two lines, four masts deep, divide the building front to back into separate bays. The bays vary in height, with the front reaching up 28 stories, and the middle bays stepping up to 35 stories; the back bay, complete with helicopter landing pad, is 41 stories high.

THE STEPPING of the structure produces a layered effect. Viewed from the side, the building appears as shifting plates of steel and glass. Highly visible braces connect the vertical masts and stabilize the building. They also divide the building into five horizontal zones, each zone diminishing as the building rises. Each brace is two stories tall and corresponds with a floor on the inside of the building that is also two stories tall. The variation of the facade breaks the monotony of repetitive, uniformly spaced floors. And the double-story levels define important day-to-day operational divisions (providing reception areas for proximate floors, and staff recreational areas). They remodel the "beehive."

The floors above the atrium level close in the central core area for more private use, partitioning off specific rooms. Yet the working space near the windows remains open, allowing light to filter into the building, and providing views out for all to appreciate. The best

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views are no longer reserved for only the highest ranks. The floor's perimeters have low partitions that define work spaces but that do not close out the view. This openness is carried out throughout the building. The lower levels facing onto the atrium allow one visual command of the entire interior, and also an unobstructed view from front to back, with the teller counters deliberately lowered to ensure this sweeping view from the mountainside harbor.

The normal assumption that a bank be akin to a vault, an impenetrable massive block, is nowhere to be seen. Indeed, the openness seems contradictory to the very idea of security. But safety is inherent in a building in which you can be seen as easily as you can see. (In my innocent attempts to photograph the interior, I was stopped before I could even focus the camera.) The security of the place is firmly stressed, yet the feeling is not one of Orwellian control.

The bank's vaults are hidden below with separate entrance routes. The entire building is a maze of escalators and lifts, which further protect the bank, since a full knowledge of the bank is needed to get from point A to point B. This complex circulation network allows for a total separation between the public zones and the private, security-controlled areas. Foster is questioning basic assumptions in architectural stereotypes, creating a sense of security with entirely new forms.

It is ironic that Foster's finely crafted machine gives more thought to the people who must work within it than the postmodern skyscrapers that make countless references to man's past, but cannot seem to bother with man's presence. The success of the building is as dependent upon the actual crafting and construction as on the sophisticated design. The question many have raised is whether the price of its success need be so high; at nearly $600 per square foot, it is one of the most expensive structures ever built. If the effort to bring the skyscraper back to human scale necessarily requires stratospheric expenditures, architects and clients alike will be faced with a difficult dilemma. For it is the humanizing of the skyscraper clothed in a completely contemporary form that makes the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank so responsive to, and responsible toward, our age.

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WHITE SILENCE

The Political Mythology of Apartheid
by Leonard Thompson
(Yale University Press, 310 pp., $22.50)

Waiting: The Whites of South Africa
by Vincent Crapanzano
(Random House, 358 pp., $19.95)

Move Your Shadow: South Africa, Black and White
by Joseph Lelyveld
(Times Books, 390 pp., $18.95)

These books come at an opportune moment. Since they went to press, South Africa has impinged on the consciousness of the American public as never before. The rioting and disorders of the past year were seen in our living rooms until the government's recent crackdown on foreign television coverage; the front pages of our newspapers have been filled with stories about the South African regime's repressive reactions to the rising tide of black resistance. Moral outrage against apartheid is running strong on college campuses, and is beginning to affect the nation's foreign policy. The current mood of interest and concern reveals some healthy instincts, but our notions of what to do, and of what is likely to happen if we follow a particular course of action,

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need to be informed by a deeper understanding of South African realities than has heretofore been readily available.

THESE THREE excellent books go a long way toward providing it. They do not answer all the pressing questions. They do not cover the economic aspects of apartheid in any systematic way, or try to gauge the probable effects of the various proposals for putting economic pressure on the South African government that are at the center of the current debate. They also fail to provide much understanding of the character and ideological orientations of the principal black resistance movements. But they do give us a rich and nuanced sense of the mentality of South Africa's whites. Thompson and Crapanzano deal almost exclusively with white beliefs and attitudes, and Lelyveld devotes considerable attention to them. Together they provide a basis for confronting the critical question of whether one can reasonably hope for sufficient white accommodation to African demands to head off a revolutionary upheaval. While understanding the whites will not mean that we fully understand South Africa, it is crucial for assessing the prospects for nonviolent reform. These works are written from the varying but compatible perspectives of history, anthropology, and journalism. Each, in fact, is a model of its respective discipline or craft. Although they avoid making specific proposals or predictions, they provide the kind of insight and information upon which intelligent action can be based.

In *The Political Mythology of Apartheid*, Leonard Thompson, a professor of history at Yale who is perhaps the world's leading authority on the South African past, has looked at the political myths that sustain the South African regime. He deals in particular with three of them—the racist notion of inherent white superiority; the legend of Afrikaner martyrdom following a mini-rebellion against British rule in 1815 (which was thought to have occurred at a place called Slagtersnek); and the myth of the covenant, the pledge supposedly made by the vastly outnumbered trekkers of 1838 that they would, if God gave them victory over the Zulus about to attack their enclosed wagons, build a church on the spot and honor him on that date forever. In the battle that followed the alleged covenant, not a single white was killed, while about 3,000 Zulus perished.

Thompson shows that the Slagtersnek myth was a palpable distortion of the facts, which outlived its usefulness when British imperialism was no longer a threat to Afrikaner dominance in South Africa. After Afrikaners took control of a self-governing state and a restive black majority became the main obstacle to their permanent hegemony, the need for cooperation between Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking white supremacists made it inexpedient to harp on an incident involving British execution of some dissident frontiersmen who were conspicuously lacking in a commitment to racial purity and solidarity. (They sought to make an anti-British alliance with African tribesmen, and some of them cohabited with nonwhite women.)

THE MYTH of the covenant was more durable, and still exerts a powerful spell. It gave rise to South Africa's principal patriotic holiday, a sort of combination Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, and was memorialized in the massive Voortrekker monument near Pretoria. (The ground breaking for this monument in 1938 was the occasion of a massive celebration of the "Great Trek," and of the other heroic events of the Afrikaner past, which gave a tremendous boost to modern Afrikaner nationalism.) Recently, Thompson shows, doubts have arisen as to the full validity of the covenant story. Most of the participants in the battle did not act on the pledge, and remembered it in inconsistent and contradictory ways—to the extent that they remembered it at all. Attempts have been made to update the legend by playing down its narrowly Afrikaner character, portraying the trekkers as agents of "civilization" whose victory would benefit all South Africa's racial and ethnic groups. But the hold of the original myth on an Afrikaner hard core was revealed recently when a distinguished and otherwise orthodox Afrikaner historian was literally tarred and feathered for raising some questions about the accepted version of the covenant story.

The most tenacious myth of all is the belief that "*races* are the fundamental divisions of humanity and that different races possess inherently different cultural as well as physical qualities." Clearly this is the "core assumption" of apartheid. It could not be abandoned without radically transforming the social order and undermining the dominance of the current ruling group. In response to the worldwide repudiation of racism in recent years, spokesmen for South African white supremacy have played down the overtly hierarchical character of traditional racist mythology, but they have retained the notion that races are inherently different, and that they must be kept separate so that each can develop in accordance with its distinctive "genius."

BUT ONE aspect of Thompson's argument troubles me a bit. He may be succumbing to a historical myth of his own in treating racism as a relatively fixed and monolithic belief system that first appeared during the Renaissance and only became discredited in Western thought after the Second World War. A strong argument can be made to the effect that the notion of race as he describes it only gradually emerged out of early modern ideas and speculations on the sources of human difference, that it did not take on a recognizably racist form until sometime between the late-18th and mid-19th centuries. Europeans always felt culturally superior to nonwhites—in South Africa, as elsewhere. Still, they had no firm basis for viewing cultural characteristics as unalterably linked to such physical traits as skin color until a naturalistic view of humankind replaced the orthodox Christian conception of the unity of the human race.

Of course, a strong sense of cultural superiority based on religion and style of life did at times serve as a functional equivalent of modern racism, and perhaps this is what Thompson means to say. But the tendency of the rebels of Slagtersnek to cross color lines when it suited their interests and inclinations was not uncharacteristic behavior for settlers and frontiersmen in the period before the Great Trek. A benign new historical myth could readily be created out of indications of apparent color blindness among the 17th-, 18th-, and early 19th-century ancestors of present-day Afrikaners. It would certainly not fit all the facts, but would probably accommodate as many of them as Thompson's conception of original, unchanging racism.

As Thompson points out, a handful of liberal Afrikaner historians are currently attacking racist versions of Afrikaner history by pointing to examples of relative racial tolerance or flexibility

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by some of their forebears. This kind of revisionism would appear to be essential to the growth of anti-apartheid sentiment among the dominant white group. Acceptance of the idea that one can be an Afrikaner and *also* live on a basis of equality with blacks is a necessary first step to an acceptance of fundamental reform of the system.

Thompson recognizes that history cannot be written without mythology. What he deplores are myths that are incompatible with known facts, and which have pernicious consequences. It is curious, therefore, that he lends credence to the myth of original Afrikaner racism, and seems to have little or no sympathy for the countermyth that Afrikaner racial rigidity was a late development, perhaps more derivative of the English influence than a natural outgrowth of their own ethos. Regrettably, however, there is little indication that most Afrikaners are ready to endorse a view of their past that legitimizes equal treatment of blacks. It seems more likely that a new view of Afrikaner traditions that is compatible with racial democracy will only arise after black power has already been established.

In *Waiting*, Vincent Crapanzano, a professor of anthropology and comparative literature at the City University of New York, looks at white attitudes from the perspective of a participant-observer in the daily life of a village near Cape Town. Prevented by the terms of his visa and the rigid separateness of group life in South Africa from probing black thoughts and feelings, he made the most of a unique opportunity to get into the heads of a relatively diverse group of whites. He chose his village, which he calls Wyndal, primarily because it contained a good mix of Afrikaans- and English-speaking whites. As is inevitable in such community-based anthropological studies, some characteristics of Wyndal are atypical of the white experience in contemporary South Africa. The principal black group here, as in the western Cape province in general, is the mixed-race "Coloureds" rather than Bantu-speaking Africans.

Furthermore, Wyndal is primarily an agricultural community; one wonders if Crapanzano would have come up with similar results had he done his interviewing in the kind of modern urban environment that is now home to most white South Africans. There is a lack of fit between the religious enthusiasms and apparently puritanical habits of many of the Wyndal residents and the galloping hedonism and modishness that Joseph Lelyveld found in Johannesburg. Moreover, Crapanzano's single most important source—"Hennie," the apostate Afrikaner turned Anglican priest and charismatic revivalist—is too much of an original to be very representative of anything. One suspects that his prominence in these pages is due primarily to his openness, loquacity, and vivid personality. Nevertheless, the Wyndal witnesses, including "Hennie," have a lot to say that will strike the knowledgeable reader as indicative of widely shared beliefs and attitudes.

Crapanzano's method is to intersperse general comments on South African history, culture, and politics with verbatim extracts from interviews with approximately 35 people, arranged under such headings as "the past," "marriage," "workers," and "the future." The main impression Crapanzano drew from the totality of the interviews is conveyed in the title of the book. He gives the clearest statement of what he means by "waiting" in a striking passage:

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> The life of those white South Africans with whom I talked (and I see no reason to assume that they are very different in this from other white South Africans) impressed me as somehow truncated. I found signs of anxiety, helplessness, vulnerability, and rage that were not very far from the surface. Their experience was not open-ended, expansive, and adventurous. It did not elicit optimism and positive excitement. It was limited. Their present seemed devoid of the vitality that I associate with leading a fulfilling life.

The posture of anxious and fearful passivity that Crapanzano is trying to describe does not offer much hope to those who expect South African whites to act decisively to meet black African demands and avert massive bloodshed.

Crapanzano's efforts to probe the specifically racial attitudes of his subjects lead him to the chilling conclusion that whites do not view blacks as "significant others" who help to form their own identities. Blacks are seen as so radically and essentially different from whites that the idea of sharing anything with them or being influenced by them is almost inconceivable. Whites tend to view

> the world of the Coloureds or, elsewhere, of Blacks, as a grotesque anti-world. It is perhaps no accident that several English and Afrikaans office workers with whom I spoke agree that they had become close to Coloured colleagues only after some violent argument in which each said what he thought of the other. Violence, at some level, may be the only way to break out of the circle—to enter into a relationship rather than to depict and exploit.

The racial comments that Crapanzano records from his interviews and conversations exemplify the iron grip that fixed racial images and stereotypes have on white thinking. A powerful jolt is clearly needed to liberate the white mind from the anxiety of "waiting" and the atrophy of imagination and empathy produced by racism. Americans who are troubled by black violence in South Africa need to learn that violence is sometimes a psychological as well as a political necessity.

IN *Move Your Shadow*, Joseph Lelyveld provides a third perspective on South Africa's whites—that of a *New York Times* correspondent who was expelled from South Africa in 1966 and then returned for another tour of duty 14 years later. His unique experience of being there twice gives him historical perspective, enabling him to appreciate the long-term trends in South African life better than a journalist could on the basis of a single visit. In 1966 the "grand-apartheid" policy of setting aside "homelands" for each ethnic subdivision of the black population, and removing blacks from the "white areas" to these poverty-stricken and desolate pseudo-nations, was in its early stages of implementation, and there were doubts about how far it could be carried. When he returned in 1980, Lelyveld was astonished to discover the extent to which the government had actually carried out the wildest schemes of racist ideologues. What he provides for those seeking to comprehend the attitudes and the behavior of South African whites, or at least of those who act in their name, is something that could not have been guessed from the anthropological insights of Crapanzano, and is only dimly perceived in Thompson's treatment of historical mythology—the nightmarish merger of the cold hyperrationalism of the modern bureaucratic-technocratic mentality with the profound irrationalism of white supremacy.

PERHAPS the most powerful chapter in the book, ironically titled "Forced Busing," deals with the logistics and human agony of massive long-distance commuting from "homelands" to the urban areas where black labor is needed. Lelyveld reports that in 1960 only 39.8 percent of the black population lived in what used to be called tribal reserves or Bantustans. By 1980 it was 53.1 percent. The number of people actually residing in the 13 percent of the country set aside for blacks had more than doubled, from 4.4 million to 11 million. "And more than half of these had already been stripped of their South African citizenship," because their homelands had been granted a fictive independence.

What this meant in practical terms was the rise in remote and desolate areas of enormous shantytowns capable of supporting only a small fraction of their inhabitants, and the long-distance busing of the large proportion that still worked in white areas. A recent survey shows that 71.3 percent of black commuters had to travel more than two hours to work and over half were gone from home more than 15 hours a day. Lelyveld actually rode these buses and asked blacks about their schedules. One man reported that he caught the bus at four in the morning and got back home at nine or ten at night. If he was lucky, he would get five hours' sleep.

THIS bizarre and inhuman system differs fundamentally from patterns of human displacement, crowding, and misery that have accompanied urban-industrial growth in other societies. It did not just happen; it was carefully planned and ruthlessly instituted, in accordance with what Lelyveld calls "the demented visions of the social engineers in Pretoria." All the resources of modern technology and social science were applied for the purpose of maintaining an industrial economy in which the work force was to be permanently excluded from political participation on grounds of race. The best way to do this, the social engineers decided, was to create ten separate nations out of vestiges of African ethnicity so that blacks could be made citizens of them, thus providing a new justification for their status as rightless aliens within "white" South Africa.

Along with the historical mythology described by Thompson, the white elite has incorporated into its ideological armory the views, or at least the terminology, of some neoconservative American political scientists. Lelyveld was struck by the extent to which pro-apartheid academics and planners had appropriated the current jargon about "modernizing elites" and the progressive functions of "authoritarianism." His acerbic account of Professor Samuel Huntington of Harvard telling an appreciative audience in Johannesburg that "narrowing the scope of political participation may be indispensable to eventually broadening that participation" and that "the centralization of power may also be necessary for the government to maintain the control over violence that is essential to carry through major reforms" is meant to illustrate the use or misuse of American social science as a rationalization of South African repression. But there may be truth in the claim that the South African government is under the influence of a "modernizing elite." Racism can be made even more effective and cruel when it employs an impersonal and efficient bureaucracy, managerial expertise, advanced technology, applied behavioral science, or almost anything else that we usually associate with administrative modernization. The notion that democracy will somehow

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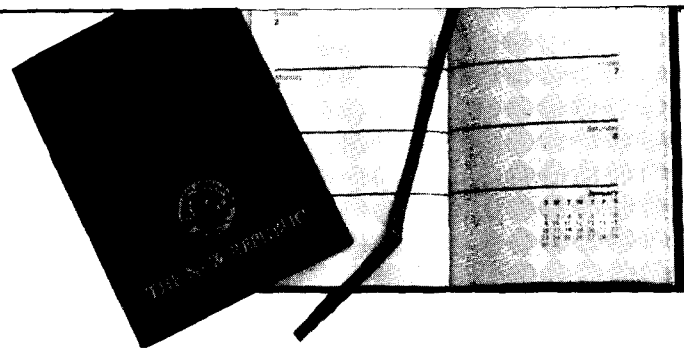
emerge out of such "modernizing" from the top is not merely mistaken; it is pernicious—as South Africa's success in streamlining and extending its system of racial segregation amply demonstrates.

LELYVELD'S kaleidoscopic view of contemporary South Africa yields such a variety of insights and vignettes that it defies summary and schematic analysis. More than any other journalistic account that I know, it penetrates the world of black South Africans and conveys some sense of what they are going through. For anyone who wants to comprehend the human meaning of apartheid his book is indispensable. But to ask of the book what is likely to happen, or where do we go from here, is to invite disappointment. Lelyveld is an extraordinarily perceptive and sensitive observer, but he does not consider advocacy or prophecy to be an important part of the journalist's function. His detached and dismissive comments on the African National Congress and his confession of some skepticism about the chances for democracy under a black majority government reflect a veteran correspondent's understandable cynicism about revolutionary ideology and its promises.

If anything gave Lelyveld hope or inspiration, it was his

> encounters with religiously inspired blacks, browns, and whites who couldn't wait for liberation to be liberated. They had an instinct that could be undervalued as romantic or utopian, but I learned to regard them as South Africa's glory if not its hope; its moral, if not its political, center.

Of all the people he interviewed, those who impressed him most were fervent Christians who were making apartheid a question of conscience. One was Malusi Mpumlwana, a black Anglican priest who had been a close associate of Steve Biko in the Black Consciousness movement of the 1970s. Others were renegade Afrikaner dominies—especially Christian Frederick Beyers Naudé, who went from leader of the Dutch Reformed Church to banned enemy of the state because he could not reconcile apartheid with his religious convictions. Lelyveld is not himself a religious person, and he does not expect mass conversion to save South Africa from disaster. But he does suggest that there can be no South Africa for all



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its people unless the "positive moral energies" of the Christian liberationists are allowed to operate.

Taken together, these books provide little basis for optimism about the prospects for peaceful change in South Africa. Whether the dominant elements in the white community are viewed in terms of their political myths, their cultural attitudes, or even their adjustments to modern life-styles and modes of discourse, the impression one gets is of massive resistance to fundamental change in the racial order. The one thing that has occurred since these books were written that provides a glimmer of hope for liberal reform is what might be called the revolt of the boardroom—the decision of corporate executives faced with intensifying economic pressures to come out against apartheid and seek dialogue with African nationalist leaders. None of the three books explores the attitudes and possible future roles of South Africa's big businessmen. I suspect that their potential influence on the government and the white community in general is severely limited by the fact that they usually belong to the wrong ethnic group and the wrong political party. (Most of those in the forefront are English-speakers and Progressive Federalists.) Furthermore, employment policies within their own enterprises often reveal something less than a full commitment to racial equality. Perhaps the growing support for racial extremists to the right of the dominant Nationalist Party is more indicative of shifting white sentiment than the outspoken liberalism of segments of the business community. If so, revolution would seem to be inevitable. Terrible as that prospect may seem to be, Americans should be the last people on earth to deny that "the course of human events" can sometimes justify revolution.

GEORGE M. FREDRICKSON

George M. Fredrickson, professor of history at Stanford University, is the author most recently of *White Supremacy: A Comparative Study in American and South African History* (Oxford University Press).

THE BOMB AND THE BALM

By the Bomb's Early Light: American Thought and Culture at the Dawn of the Atomic Age by Paul Boyer

(Pantheon, 440 pp., $22.50)

William Cowling, the protagonist in Tim O'Brien's disturbing novel *The Nuclear Age*, spends much of his childhood creating fallout shelters in the basement of his parents' home. He lines the surface of his Ping-Pong table with pencils (their lead, he believes, will protect him from radiation) and huddles underneath waiting for Armageddon. Years later, as an adult—a husband and father—he strings Christmas tree lights across his backyard so that he can work through the night digging a deep hole in the lawn, a shelter for his family when doomsday comes. "Am I crazy?" he asks. "I'm a man of my age, and it's an age of extraordinary jeopardy. So who's crazy? Me? Or is it you? You poor, pitiful sheep."

Paul Boyer, a historian at the University of Wisconsin, raises many of the same questions in his ambitious study of American responses to atomic weapons in the first years after Hiroshima. How is it possible, he asks, for a society to live with the terrible knowledge of its capacity for self-destruction, of the possibility of human extinction? We did, of course, learn to live with that knowledge. We have lived with it for 40 years. But how did we do it? Were we crazy?

Mr. Boyer restricts his inquiry to the first five years of the nuclear age because, he claims, "all the major elements of our contemporary engagement with the nuclear reality took shape literally within days of Hiroshima." Indeed, he found reactions that seemed "uncannily familiar" to him:

> the visions of atomic devastation, the earnest efforts to rouse people to resist such a fate, the voices seeking to soothe or deflect these fears, the insistence that security lay in greater technical expertise and in more and bigger weaponry.

In setting out to recreate that debate, in short, he was setting out to reveal the origins of our present dilemmas.

Historians have paid virtually no attention to the question of how the existence of nuclear weapons has affected modern American culture. As Mr. Boyer himself points out in his introduction:

> If a scholar a thousand years from now had no evidence about what happened in the United States between 1945 and 1985 except the books produced by the cultural and intellectual historians of the era, he or she would hardly guess that such a thing as nuclear weapons existed.

This book is, in many ways, an impressive contribution to redressing that imbalance. It is based on extraordinary research in a wide range of sources. It is remarkably thorough and carefully balanced. It rests, as much good history does, on the author's own passionate commitment to his subject. And yet it is, when all is said and done, a curiously aimless book—earnest, well meaning, but unable to draw any real conclusions from the material it presents.

Mr. Boyer would have liked, it seems clear, to have discovered a different response to the nuclear age. He would have liked to have seen a culture permeated with deep and pervasive alarm about the existence of atomic weapons, just as many people would like to see the same thing today. He would have liked to have found a society that subordinated all other concerns to the overriding necessity of eliminating nuclear armaments. He does, of course, discover some individuals and some groups in the late 1940s who were appropriately alarmed, who—like Tim O'Brien's William Cowling—believed that a preoccupation with nuclear destruction was the only sane response to the threat. But most of American culture did not respond that way, and Mr. Boyer seems unable to explain that inadequacy. Instead, he simply chronicles it.

Indeed, much of his book is little more than long strings of quotations illustrating the reactions of almost every conceivable interest group and presenting nearly every position on the spec-

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trum. Mr. Boyer describes how Catholics, Protestants, Jews, women, blacks, scientists, social scientists, doctors, lawyers, teachers, writers, poets, engineers, and others responded to the bomb. He discusses advocates of "world government," who (like some recent writers, apparently including Mr. Boyer himself) saw in nuclear weapons evidence of the obsolescence of traditional ideas of national sovereignty. He portrays fantastic visions of "techno-atomic Utopias," which optimists used to persuade the public that nuclear technologies would transform and perfect their world. He discusses the debate over atomic energy—"atoms for peace"—and the divided positions of nuclear physicists on that and many other issues.

Every group has its say; every intellectual stance receives its due. But the whole is somehow less than the sum of the parts. This is a book that seems not so much a work of analysis and synthesis as a compilation of note cards, carefully sorted and organized, dutifully presented, but never fully digested. Scholars and researchers will be grateful for this mine of data on an important and largely unexplored subject. Most readers, I suspect, will wish for more.

ONE POINT that this book does stress repeatedly is Albert Einstein's idea that "the atomic bomb has changed everything except the nature of man." Almost everyone, Mr. Boyer suggests, faced the challenges of the nuclear era "with ideas and professional identities formed over many years in the old, pre-atomic age." What should have forced an epochal reevaluation of existing values and assumptions produced instead reactions that moved in familiar and often self-serving patterns.

Lawyers, for example, argued that the existence of atomic weapons should give the legal profession a new importance. The bar, they believed, must use its "intelligence, force, and statecraft" to prevent nuclear war. "Do you for a moment think," a municipal judge asked in 1945, "that anything which the united bar has resolved upon could long be successfully opposed? If you do, you do not know lawyers." Social scientists saw in the bomb an opportunity to enhance their own profession; what better justification for expert planning of social endeavors than the danger of annihilation. Religious leaders argued that the nuclear threat gave new importance to faith and the church. Doctors argued that nuclear war was, above all, a health threat, and that they should therefore take the lead in dealing with the issue. Scientists, who had created the bomb and who continued—despite their own occasional expressions of alarm—to enlarge and "improve" its capabilities, insisted that the scientific community was the only group with sufficient knowledge and wisdom to determine the proper uses of atomic capabilities. Even those whose response to the bomb seemed the most radical—the advocates of world government—were, for the most part, using atomic weapons to support ideas they had long embraced. The internationalist vision, the idea of "One World" in which nations would subordinate some of their individual interests to greater global needs, had been gathering strength in many circles since the beginning of World War II.

TO SAY that the atomic age produced largely familiar responses, however, is really only to restate the question in another way. Why was the response to the bomb so conventional? Why were there not more fundamental reevaluations in the face of this terrible new reality? Mr. Boyer's material suggests an answer, even if he himself deals with it only occasionally.

The existence of the bomb raised a challenge to one of the most powerful assumptions in American and indeed all Western culture—the idea of progress. Nothing was more basic to America's self-definition than the belief that history marched forward along an endless, progressive path, from an inferior past to an ever-improving future. Nothing was more central to the 20th century's sense of itself than the faith that science, technology, and massed expertise would lead the way toward a better world. Now, in the aftermath of Hiroshima, Americans faced the awful possibility that knowledge, expertise, scientific progress might lead not to the elevation of mankind, but to its destruction. Could it be that knowledge was not, in itself, inevitably good, that ignorance might be preferable to this terrible awareness? Could it be that "progress" was a double-edged sword, that science and technology were producing more dangers than benefits?

Such thoughts had, of course, occurred to small groups of Americans on numerous occasions in the past. In the first years of large-scale industrialization, in the aftermath of World War I, in the dark days of the Great Depression, critiques of the idea of progress had struggled for a foothold in the culture. But they had done so largely without success. These earlier crises had, if anything, strengthened the commitment of most Americans to the values with which they were familiar. None had been severe enough or prolonged enough to shake the most familiar and powerful value of all—the faith in progress.

Some Americans in the 1940s saw in the existence of nuclear weapons a new and much greater crisis, one compelling enough to shatter that faith at last. Most, however, did not. The existence of the bomb was troubling, but far less troubling, apparently, than the idea that science and technology and knowledge might be dangerous and destructive things. And so, for most Americans, the real challenge of the nuclear age was not to repudiate the new atomic discoveries, but to find a rationale for them that would fit comfortably within the larger framework of the belief in progress.

WHAT IS, in fact, most revealing about the American response to the discovery of nuclear fission is how rapidly society came to believe that its benefits outweighed its potential dangers. The *New York Times*, only days after Hiroshima, expressed its own rosy view of the nuclear future:

> The atomic bomb was perfected for war, but the knowledge which made it possible came out of . . . the deathless yearning to know and to use the gifts of nature for the common good. . . . This new knowledge . . . can bring to this earth not death but life, not tyranny and cruelty, but a divine freedom.

That fevered optimism was soon to become a staple of both expert and popular opinion. The "secret of the atom" would bring "prosperity and a more complete life." It would create "an era of unparalleled richness and opportunities for all." It would be the "gateway to a new world" and would "set man on the road to the millennium." Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, predicted in September 1945 that atomic energy would "usher in a new day of peace and plenty" and "carry to the most backward places of the earth the means of developing their

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material and their human resources." Two years later, Arthur Compton, a Manhattan Project physicist and Nobel laureate, described the development of nuclear fission as a vital step in the "steady progression of science that is compelling man to be human." A Gallup Poll late in 1948 revealed that approximately two-thirds of those who had an opinion on the subject believed that, "in the long run," atomic energy would "do more good than harm."

Mr. Boyer suggests at times that such optimism was little more than hopeful whistling in the dark, an effort to cope with the deep undercurrents of anxiety that pervaded the culture. To some extent, he is undoubtedly right. Even the bravest and most hopeful nuclear pioneers must at times have trembled at the knowledge of what the new technology could destroy, however much they might have reveled in what they thought it could build. But these upbeat predictions and the exuberant, aggressive confidence they reflect are too characteristic of other American stances on other issues to be dismissed as defensive rationalizations. The first years of the "Atomic Age" were also the first years of the "American Century." They were years in which the United States was envisioning ambitious crusades both at home and abroad, years in which the belief in American righteousness and American destiny seemed at times to sweep all before it. Anxieties there were, to be sure. But no fear—not even the fear of atomic destruction—could challenge this larger faith.

MR. BOYER ends his study in 1950, in the immediate aftermath of the Soviet Union's 1949 detonation of its first atomic bomb. That event, he claims, caused a shift in attitudes that "runs like a fault-line through the culture, nearly as visible as the one caused by the Hiroshima bombing itself." After 1949 Americans put aside their fears, put aside what hopes they might once have had of eliminating nuclear weapons, and dedicated themselves wholeheartedly to the Cold War. Apathy replaced alarm; anticommunism replaced internationalism. The bomb was no longer a threat, it was a shield. The proper response to nuclear danger was not to eliminate armaments, but to improve and multiply them. The knowledge of communist atomic capabilities made it almost inevitable, therefore, that the United States would proceed with development of the far more powerful hydrogen bomb. And that same knowledge repressed popular anxieties during the next three decades, as America steadily and radically expanded its nuclear arsenal.

THIS IS a curious argument, for several reasons. First, Mr. Boyer's own account of the years before 1949 is difficult to reconcile with his claim that the years after represented a striking retreat from preoccupation with the bomb. Even in those earlier years, his material suggests, opposition to atomic weapons and fear of nuclear war was generally muted; anxiety competed with, and usually lost to, the larger faith in progress that made nuclear energy seem a boon to mankind. But it is even more difficult to accept Mr. Boyer's suggestion that the years after 1949 were ones in which Americans "embraced" the bomb and ceased actively to fear it. Soviet capabilities did, clearly, make it more difficult for Americans to envision dismantling their weapons; it made an atomic arsenal appear far more necessary and inescapable. But I suspect that if Mr. Boyer had extended his research further into the 1950s, he would have discovered that for most Americans it was in those years—not in the years immediately following Hiroshima—that the possibility of nuclear destruction began to seem most real and most frightening. For now it was not simply the abstract possibilities of atomic war that Americans had to confront. It was the very real possibility of a nuclear exchange between two powerful and bitterly hostile governments. Once again, in other words, the response to the bomb had no life of its own. It became a reflection of other concerns. Americans came truly to fear atomic war only when they learned to fear the Soviet Union.

In 1981, as the most recent upsurge of antinuclear activism approached its peak, the editors of a small Boston literary magazine published an essay titled "As Our End Drifts Nearer." Mr. Boyer quotes approvingly their statement that "contemporary culture grows in a dark place, beneath the shadow of the nuclear threat." Maybe it should. But this important, provocative, yet ultimately inconclusive book seems, perhaps inadvertently, to suggest otherwise. We have not allowed atomic weapons to become our principal preoccupation. We have not permitted them to change fun-

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damentally the way we live and think. We have, instead, fit the awful knowledge of the nuclear threat into our ordinary social, cultural, and geopolitical concerns.

Most of us, in short, have managed to avoid becoming people who tremble under Ping-Pong tables or dig shelters in our backyards. Insane as it may be, we have learned to live with the prospect of extinction. "One day it will happen," William Cowling says, at the end of Tim O'Brien's novel. "One day we will see flashes, all of us . . . and the world will surely end." But he also says something else, and in those words he describes the prevailing response to the atomic age far more accurately: "I know this, but I believe otherwise."

ALAN BRINKLEY

Alan Brinkley teaches 20th-century American history at Harvard.

THE JOY OF TAKEOVERS

Tender Offer
by Dorman L. Commons

(University of California Press, 159 pp., $14.95)

Let me begin by acknowledging that Dorman Commons and I have a few things in common. Both of us have been the chief executive officers of United States petroleum companies, and both of us know a little something about tender offers. As chairman of Natomas Company, Mr. Commons was the initiator of an unfriendly bid for Magma Power Company in 1982 as well as the defensive coordinator of the 1983 takeover battle chronicled in his book. I, too, have coached on both sides of the line in several acquisition encounters involving Mesa Petroleum Company.

Now that Mr. Commons has been benched by the takeover of Natomas, he is having second thoughts about the rules of the game. He acknowledges that the acquisition of Natomas by Diamond Shamrock Corporation provided shareholders with value his management team had been unable to deliver on its own. Yet he fears that increasing takeover activity might be sacrificing performance in the long term for profits in the short term. Don't worry, Dorman, it was not an issue in your case. Diamond Shamrock paid a prince's ransom for Natomas, and its extravagance has cost it dearly since the deal was completed. Confronted with an offer that sweet, the only reasonable thing for a manager to do is to hand over the keys to the executive suite.

Headquartered in San Francisco, Natomas was hardly perceived as a diamond in the rough when Shamrock came knocking in May of 1983. Natomas was, in Mr. Commons's words, "a strange hybrid" of a company. Its principal attraction was more than 60 million barrels of net oil reserves located off the coast of Indonesia. The Indonesian production was profitable, but subject to political uncertainty. The rest of Natomas was a hodgepodge of holdings: a geothermal energy plant, an ocean shipping line, producing wells in the U.S. and Canada, a chain of Canadian gas stations, several coal mines, and a California real estate venture. The company had a little bit of everything except synergism, although some of its operations were short on earnings, too. Natomas recorded a net loss of about seven million dollars during the first quarter of 1983.

The intrinsic value of Natomas to shareholders was appraised by industry analysts in mid-1983 at $986 million, or approximately $19 for each share of stock outstanding. Before takeover speculation pumped up the price, Natomas was trading on the New York Stock Exchange for about $15 per share. "For a variety of reasons I felt the stock had long been undervalued," writes Mr. Commons, who attributes the market price to skepticism on the part of analysts and investors. As subsequent events later demonstrated, they had good reason to be skeptical.

Diamond Shamrock, a petroleum and chemical company based in Dallas, was eager to propose a surprise engagement to Natomas shareholders. It made its intentions known in a hostile tender offer filed on May 23, 1983. The bulk of *Tender Offer* is a chronological reenactment of the ensuing "eight days in May." The book is short and easy to digest, except for Mr. Commons's conclusions about takeover activity.

Diamond Shamrock began the affair by offering to give Natomas stockholders $23 per share for the company, or a total of $1.3 billion. The acquisition was to be accomplished by acquiring 51 percent of the stock for cash and the remaining 49 percent with newly issued Diamond Shamrock stock. It was an attractive offer, but Mr. Commons was not ready to waltz down the aisle. By his reckoning, Natomas was worth $30 a share. How he arrived at that valuation remains a mystery to others, but it encouraged him to batten down the hatches and bolt the doors.

Mr. Commons takes us by the hand through his company's exploration of the standard litany of corporate takeover defenses. Attorneys pored over Diamond Shamrock's tender offer documents searching for something to litigate. Scorched earth and poison pill strategies, both of which render a company too ugly to acquire, were considered but rejected. A defensive acquisition was ruled out, as was a self-tender for a portion of Natomas stock. The company ultimately decided its best bet was to try to delay Diamond Shamrock's offer in the courts while Natomas made itself available to potentially friendlier acquirers known as white knights. Mr. Commons and his agents pulled out their black books and began calling.

ALTHOUGH he does not mention it in *Tender Offer*, I was one of the parties on the other end of the line. A Wall Street professional representing Natomas called me during the week of May 23 to inquire if Mesa would be interested in making a friendly bid for Natomas at a price equivalent to or higher than Diamond Shamrock's. It took Mesa's financial team less than two hours to determine that we were not interested in acquiring Natomas at that price. Mesa's internal valuation of Natomas was below the $19 appraisal made by analysts. When I called back to tell the Natomas representative that Mesa was not interested, I remember commenting, "Don't let Diamond get away." Other potential rescuers appar-

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ently reached the same conclusion.

With no white knights in sight, it was time to dance with the devil. Mr. Commons invited Diamond Shamrock CEO Bill Bricker and his acquisition team to San Francisco to talk terms. To his credit, Mr. Commons managed to sweeten the deal substantially by insisting that Diamond Shamrock make major changes in its offer. The cash portion of the offer was scrapped, and a stock swap was negotiated at a ratio designed to provide Natomas shareholders with about $25 per share. Diamond Shamrock agreed to let Natomas spin off its shipping line and real estate operations into a new corporation, American President Companies, to be owned by Natomas shareholders. An acquisition contract was drafted and approved. Golden parachute severance contracts totaling more than $20 million were negotiated for Mr. Commons and 14 other Natomas managers. The deal was done. On the ninth day, Mr. Commons rested.

THREE months later, when the acquisition was consummated, the combined market value of the Diamond Shamrock and American President stock received by Natomas shareholders had risen to almost $30 per share. Although he may have wavered along the way, Mr. Commons had served his shareholders well. The acquisition and spin-off effectively doubled the market value of Natomas.

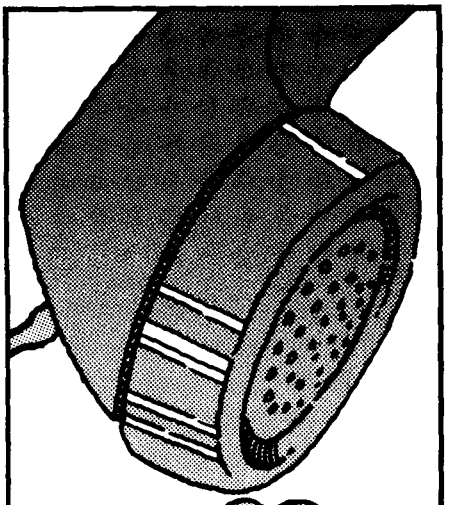
Ultimately, the value enhancement proved fleeting. In the second quarter of 1985, Shamrock wrote down the value of its new Indonesian holdings by $600 million. In other words, Shamrock had paid $600 million too much for oil reserves it originally valued at $1.2 billion. Shamrock stock has declined in value from about $24 when the acquisition deal was struck to as little as $15 in October 1985. Shareholders who failed to cash out have forfeited almost a third of the initial acquisition value. Art Smith, president of John S. Herold Company and a respected petroleum industry analyst, recently identified the acquisition as "one of the worst oil deals of the decade."

Mr. Commons ends his book with a plea for legislative intervention in the takeover market. In a majority of hostile tender offers, he argues, shareholders who own stock in the aggressor companies are "losers" while target company shareholders make off with the spoils. I would suggest that Mr. Commons not use the Shamrock-Natomas deal as a yardstick for other acquisitions. In its 1985 report to President Reagan, the Council of Economic Advisers cites a series of empirical studies demonstrating that in most cases shareholders on both sides of takeover transactions are winners. According to these studies, the value of the stocks of both the acquired and the acquiring companies tends to rise as a result of mergers and acquisitions.

MR. COMMONS worries that the threat of takeovers is causing managers to concentrate on short-term profits at the expense of long-term growth. Ironically, this assertion is heard most frequently from managers whose long-term records are unspectacular and whose compensation is almost always keyed to short-term performance. Mr. Commons had been at the helm of Natomas for nine years when Shamrock made its play. How much more long term did he need to achieve the shareholder value he says the market was missing?

The short-term thesis disregards the fact that current stock prices are based on projections of earnings far into the future. A recent study by Dr. Gregg Jarrell, chief economist of the Securities and Exchange Commission, determined that companies embarking on long-term strategies such as research and development tend to have higher stock prices in the short term. Few investors are willing to pay a premium for a company that has sacrificed its future in order to inflate this year's earnings. To argue otherwise is an insult to the intelligence of America's 42 million shareholders.

Throughout *Tender Offer*, Mr. Commons is quick to concede that managements should act in the best interests of shareholders when confronted with an acquisition offer. But he seems unsure about whether all shareholders should receive equal consideration. After all, he notes, some institutional investors and arbitrageurs trade in and out of stocks on virtually a daily basis. Mr. Commons may be sincere, but he is questioning a fundamental right of ownership upon which our system was built. The owner of a house or a car or a hamburger stand is entitled to decide if and when to sell it. It doesn't matter if he has owned it for ten hours or ten years. So, too, is a shareholder entitled to decide if and when



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to sell his interest in a company. Shareholders own America's public corporations. Shareholders invest the money, bear the risk, and share in the profits or losses. They have the right to accept or reject purchase offers, and managers who attempt to erect barriers between willing buyers and sellers are violating a fundamental tenet of free enterprise.

If I were Mr. Commons, I would stop worrying and start writing thank-you letters.

T. BOONE PICKENS JR.

T. Boone Pickens Jr. is president of Mesa Petroleum.

SCHMALTZ, SCHMERZ, AND SCHMUTZ

Five Screenplays by Preston Sturges edited with an introduction by Brian Henderson

(University of California Press, 848 pp., $35)

"O ruth, what crimes have been committed *in thy name*!" wrote Preston Sturges.

> How well I know the fanatical look in the eye, the light foam on the lips, the orgastic tension of the face muscles, and the sadistic smile on the face of the one who says: "I am going to be ruthless." It is such a beautifully positive thing to be, so decisive and virile, fraught with such a feeling of well-being, that it is almost irresistible.

Sturges, a director who wrote his own scripts, made five wonderfully ruthless comedies and two pretty good ones between 1940 and 1943. (There was another good one, the morbid, unsettling *Unfaithfully Yours*, in 1948.) Among the slow-paced, oppressively sane movies of the 1940s, his satires pulsate with gleeful, vindictive energy; the characters are wound up too tight to keep their heads on when assaulted by unruly hormones, practical jokers, or—most deadly of all—friends who are just trying to be helpful.

At a time when Depression roughness and insouciance were shading into genteel momism and apple-piety, Sturges rubbed his hands together and proceeded to bang the hell out of such sacred topics as patriotism, pregnancy, and what were not then called male-female roles. (Despite the rapacious image brought to mind by Sturges's pan of ruth, despite his boast that his pictures were a good mix of schmaltz, schmerz, and schmutz, his sexual dramas are positively Shavian exercises in female pursuit and male surrender.) Overwhelmed by events and marriage-hungry heroines, Sturges's recessive heroes are also put upon by a crew of Dickensian grotesques, "supporting" characters who joyously undermine logic, language, morals, and common sense in their hysterical desire to express their personalities. Reassuring a candidate who is appalled that the voters are being told wild fabrications about his past, William Demarest explains, "Those ain't lies. Those is campaign promises."

Sympathy and contempt for the average man are intertwined in Sturges's generous, teasing farces. The clerk in *Christmas in July* tells his would-be fiancée why they can't get married on what he earns:

> Everything that means happiness costs money . . . [Mom] never had a pretty dress except what she made herself. I wore the old man's stuff cut down till I got my first job and he was worn out at 48 and croaked because he couldn't afford a decent doctor. Where do you get that eighteen bucks a week stuff?

The Santa Claus plot showers the clerk—after much confusion, adversity, and throwing of fish—with a good job and a contest prize of $25,000. As his girlfriend says, begging the boss to give him a promotion:

> He belongs in here because he *thinks* he belongs in here. . . . He belongs in here until he proves himself or fails and then somebody else after him and then somebody else after that, and then so on and so on for always . . . because it's one thing to muff a chance when you get it, but it's another thing never to have had a chance.

Yet in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* and *Hail the Conquering Hero*, Sturges invites our Rabelaisian, almost sadistic laughter at the terrified victim of his plot and the society that thinks he deserves respect and honor. In the first film Eddie Bracken becomes a hero of potency because his wife has produced sextuplets—by another man. In the second, playing another guilt-ridden 4-F, he is drafted for mayor when the townspeople believe he has won his borrowed medals, and elected (for proving his virtue) when he confesses to the fraud while protecting the buddies who got him into it. Pompous, genial Raymond Walburn sighs at the mindlessness of his fellow citizens ("The poor, misguided voters, without a brain to bless themselves with, without a cerebellum to the carload") and asks what a talent for killing people has to do with being able to govern a town. But Sturges loves to have things three ways at once: Walburn's reasonable comments are undercut by the fact that he is playing the incumbent mayor. At the climax, Sturges bulldozes his way through a forest of qualifications and contradictions with a rush of mad energy and raw sentiment. The wild reversals of fortune leave us feeling Olympian but benevolent: the gods take away, but the gods also give. (The ending of *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* is similarly frantic, but the note of sardonic, godlike detachment is struck a bit harder with the quotation Sturges uses for a tag line. The congratulations to Bracken's wayward but productive wife end with "Some are born great, some achieve greatness"—you can finish it yourself.)

IN *Sullivan's Travels*, Sturges's most personal film, a director of lowbrow comedies, disgusted by his previous successes, hits the road disguised as a bum so he will have the expertise to make a great social-protest movie, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* Sullivan is determined to plow ahead with this film, whether the downtrodden public wants it or not. When the studio bosses try to discourage him, pointing out that another picture about the class struggle died a terrible death in Pittsburgh, Sullivan asks, "What do they know in Pittsburgh?" "They know what they like," the producer says, which provokes the defender of the proletariat to the ultimate class-versus-mass statement: "If

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they knew what they liked, they wouldn't live in Pittsburgh." But Sullivan's cockiness and his pretensions are knocked out of him when he loses his tourist status in the lower depths: railroaded on an assault charge and unable to prove his identity, he is sentenced to a chain gang. At last, through a trick, he lets the studio know where he is, and they spring him in about 20 seconds. He then announces that, having seen that laughter is the only thing some people have, he will go on making slapstick comedies to take their minds off their troubles.

THIS ending is a slower-paced, more restrained one than the closes of *Miracle* and *Hero*, and some unpleasant questions hover over it. For instance, what about the other convicts in the gang, who are beaten and tortured in the daytime and chained to their beds at night? Mightn't some of them be innocent too? Yet Sullivan, with his expensive lawyers, is the only one to go free. This echoes a scene earlier in the movie, when Sullivan, in his hobo clothes, is pinched for stealing his own car. The cop discovers who he is, but points out that he was driving without a license. Sullivan sarcastically replies, "Yes, isn't that terrible. That must call for a dollar fine and ten minutes in jail." We are clearly supposed to feel, at the end of the picture, that Sullivan has been humbled and will give the public what it wants, not what he thinks it should have. Yet Sullivan's original purpose in shoving uplift at the masses was not to improve them but to salve his own conscience for turning out moronic movies. (Not knowing his identity, a girl he picks up enthusiastically praises one of his pictures: "Do you remember that scene where . . . she made him close his eyes and count three before kissing her and the pig came out and he kissed the pig instead?" "Yes," he replies dismally, "that was on a very high plane.") Now that he has a sociological justification for it, he can continue to produce trash and spread sunshine all the way to the bank.

As if in tribute to the pictures that are supposed to entertain the masses, *Sullivan's Travels* includes some passages of slapstick humor—Sullivan falls into a rain barrel, and he takes part in a car chase that leaves people splattered with mud and pancake batter. But, as in most other Sturges movies, this violent physical comedy seems to slow everything down. The Rube Goldberg setups are clever enough, but their execution is ponderous; it's as if the brilliant cynic has suddenly decided to be a regular guy. The rough-and-tumble stuff works best when it's simple, and has something to do with the character: Henry Fonda, as the primordial klutz in *The Lady Eve*, manages to fall down three times at a dinner party when he sees his former fiancée, the sensational Barbara Stanwyck, pretending to be an English aristocrat. Back in his room, the surly valet, neatly pointing up the metaphor, insists, "That's the same dame. She looks the same, she walks the same, and she's tossing you just like she did the last time."

Sturges rather falls for his female characters too, portraying their manipulative techniques with a surgical lack of sentimentality but sympathizing with the need for them. The woman seeking a mate—the entrepreneur whose visible assets are depreciating daily—is for Sturges the purest form of buccaneer. Stanwyck airily calls herself an adventuress, but adds, "All women are. They have to be. If you waited for a man to propose to you from natural causes you'd die of old maidenhood." When Fonda throws her over, Sturges's sympathy for the Stanwyck character is exquisite: he allows her to express not only sorrow but revenge, and to do so in a way that emphasizes her full-blooded femininity. Perhaps the most memorable image in *The Lady Eve* is Stanwyck glowering at the camera in a tight close-up and vowing to teach the man who hurt her a lesson: "I need that guy like the ax needs the turkey."

Five Screenplays collects the scripts Sturges wrote for *Hail the Conquering Hero*, *Sullivan's Travels*, *The Lady Eve*, *Christmas in July*, and his first film, a gutsy farce about political corruption called *The Great McGinty*. The last two have Sturges touches, but not his rough, passionate embrace. (A complete anthology of Sturges's best scripts would include *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* and his dizzy, romantic farce about the useless rich, *The Palm Beach Story*; Brian Henderson explains that the publication rights to those were not available.) Reading the scripts through, one is impressed not only by their cleverness and high spirits, but by the amount of innuendo Sturges was able

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to slip past the Hays Office. (These were the days, Henderson reminds us, when a director had to battle the censors for the right to have a character say, "It stinks.") In *The Great McGinty* a political boss exhorts his candidate to get married: "Don't you know that a man without a wife is like a coat without the pants, like a pig without a poke?" When Henry Fonda, in *The Lady Eve*, invites Barbara Stanwyck in to see his pet snake, she's incensed to find that he really does have a pet snake.

Henderson says that, for lack of space, he has not indicated any differences between the scripts and the films. (Stanwyck's line about the ax and the turkey, for instance, appears here as "I need him like Dempsey needed Firpo.") He has, however, found space for long and idiotic introductions of his own to each screenplay, vast desert tracts in which the winds whistle past the bleached bones of deconstructionism:

> It is worth noting also that *Sullivan's Travels* ends in an airplane in mid-air, which is where *Unfaithfully Yours* (1948), Sturges's next "ironic portrait of the artist," begins.
>
> As modern criticism tells us, forewords, prefaces, epigraphs, and headnotes are ambiguously situated both inside the text and outside it. . . . Thompson—the honest man referred to in the headnote [of *The Great McGinty*]—himself uses [an expression in the headnote] to describe his life-changing thievery. Is he quoting the headnote, as if he has privileged access to the narration itself? Or does the headnote quote him, which seems to privilege his perspective, including his skepticism about McGinty's story later on?

Modern criticism sure provokes a lot of questions. Examining a story that was the genesis of *The Lady Eve*, Henderson writes:

> This is the last sentence to Hoffe's otherwise perfectly typed story. Is it a typographical error or a mistake in the writing itself? . . . It is tempting to see the error as emblematic of the story's sexism and as symptomatic of the psychic mechanisms that underlie sexism in society generally.

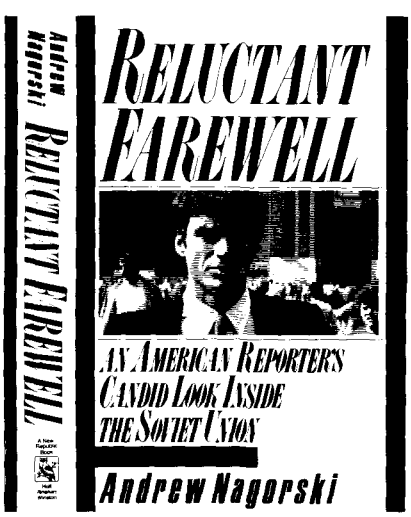
And you can be sure that Henderson voluptuously gives in to the temptation, for 400 words. Of course, we don't know that Mr. Hoffe's wife or secretary didn't type his story for him—which would mean that his psychic mechanisms were O.K., but hers were badly in need of an overhaul.

Amid all this academic waffle, Henderson does make one sensible observation (though, unfortunately, it applies to only one of the scripts in this book)—that several of Sturges's works were concerned with the recapture or punishment of the wife or lover who has abandoned the hero. (Besides *The Lady Eve*, *Unfaithfully Yours* and *The Palm Beach Story* have this theme.) Drawing on James Curtis's 1982 biography, *Between Flops*, Henderson points out that Sturges's mother and a few of his wives were glamorous, elusive, and fickle. He does not, however, note a few especially poignant similarities. When Sturges's wealthy wife Eleanor Hutton asked him how much he wanted to give her a divorce (she owed him about $100,000), he said, "It will cost you one courteous request, madame, and a polite thank-you when it is all over." The adventuress of *The Lady Eve*, who has fallen in love with the millionaire she tricked into marriage, says she won't charge him a cent for the divorce he wants; he only has to come and ask her in person. Even more striking, Sturges wrote that when he was still in love with Eleanor, he had said to her one night, "A thousand poets dreamed for a thousand years—and then you were born." He obviously thought it was a good line—it's the last thing Rex Harrison says in *Unfaithfully Yours*, breathing passionately over the wife who has come back to him. Well, what is art for, except to make things come out the way they should.

Sturges's Hollywood success was meteoric (the first picture he directed made most ten-best lists of 1940 and won an Academy Award for best screenplay), his failure equally so. Bad movies and bad business deals had by 1951 gotten him to the point where, Curtis writes, "less than five years after earning the third highest salary in the nation, Preston didn't have the money to pay a $6.00 gas bill." When he met the woman who became his last wife, she had never heard of him, and he showed her a *Who's Who* entry, saying (shades of *Sullivan's Travels*), "I don't want you to think I'm a total bum." But if his life sadly demonstrated the capriciousness of fortune, his films very gaily did so, with abundant affection for the victims of success.

RHODA KOENIG

Rhoda Koenig is literary editor of *New York* magazine.



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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Hard Times

SEVERAL REPORTERS have adopted the neologism "Manhattanization" to describe an unpleasant phenomenon occurring here. As much as this term frightens those of us trying to squeak by on, say, the four-figure salary of a TNR intern, it portrays with some poignancy the anguish that sets in when a city's dwellers start to outnumber its apartments, and too many cars search for too few parking spaces. Developing New York's problems impels most Washingtonians to endorse the worst of New York's solutions. One sad example of this is an unbridled popular lust for rent control that will not be satisfied until the D.C. City Council mandates annual rent reductions. District voters recently passed a referendum by 700 votes that overruled the City Council's modifications of the city's rent stabilization law. The ironies of this strange election, which few Washingtonians voted on and fewer understood, are manifold. One absurdity is that the City Council can reenact its sensible modifications after waiting a year. But the greatest irony is that advocates of the referendum claim to speak for low-income tenants and against the forces of "Manhattanization." No one in D.C. has yet left a rent-stabilized apartment in perpetual trust for his great-grandchildren, and the classifieds are still a better place for apartment hunters to look than the obituaries. But if the rent controllers have their way, these and other horrors once confined to New York will be upon us.

RICH OR POOR, no one in Washington who has ever lived anywhere else can help but notice the staggering price of groceries. One TNR staffer tells me that his mother sends him coffee from New York, since a can costs about a dollar more here. My own unscientific observations were recently confirmed by an article in the *Washington Post* Food section, which cited a shopping cart survey showing that the District's grocery prices trail only those of Anchorage, Alaska. The *Post* cites "affluence" as the reason that Safeway and Giant, the two major supermarket chains, get away with price gouging. In other words, Washington's yuppies and diplomats aren't comparison shoppers. The stores don't have to compete on pricing because most of their customers won't bother to save a few dollars anyway. We coupon clippers had our revenge last week, however, when a two-alarm fire badly damaged Larimer's, Washington's largest wine and cheesery. Fire Department officials suggested that an act of arson might have been directed against the upstairs offices of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. Terrorism is no joke. But it's interesting that the Fire Department automatically assumed that the target was the ADC, when it's far more common in the streets of Washington to hear violent opinions about the prices at Larimer's downstairs. Is this an outbreak of Camemberrorism?

THE LARIMER'S APOLOGISTS force many of us in the intern underclass to do things we deplore, like hack writing and party-crashing. One bountiful provider is the *Washington Times*, whose pages remain open to aspiring unknowns. Because the paper is owned by the Unification Church, writing for it doesn't carry a lot of cachet in Washington. (I read the *Post* and the *Times* every day, the joke goes—the *New York Post* and the *Washington Times*.) As a friend of mine (who is also an occasional contributor to the paper) puts it, "You don't tell anybody you have a book review in the *Washington Times*. You just pocket the 75 bucks and keep your mouth shut." Because the paper's circulation is tiny (under 100,000), you can sometimes take the money and run without being noticed. But more often, someone will try to call you to account for selling out to the Rev. Moon. This is absurd. It is well established that Moon only uses the paper as a vehicle to pour money down the drain ($150 million so far), and is uninterested in its editorial content. If the *Times* bashers really wanted to make us feel guilty, they could remind us of the *Washington Times* national edition, which finally gave up the ghost in August after spending a rumored $13 million to achieve a circulation of 9,000. But that number doesn't reflect the paper's true popularity. From a distance, the *Times*'s multicolored front page looks identical to *USA Today*'s. A coincidence? I don't think so. How many hapless citizens were swindled in this way?

DESPITE ITS POOR CIRCULATION and an obsession with the KGB, the *Times* is well worth reading. It frequently does a better job than the *Washington Post* of covering Republicans. Because Pat Buchanan says everyone in the White House reads it, including the president, conservatives often use the *Times* to send each other cryptic messages, or to settle scores. The paper recently scooped the *Post* with an article about how conservatives are putting pressure on Linda Chavez to run for Charles Mathias's Senate seat. And it beat the *Post* by a month with a tidbit about William Keyes, South Africa's black lobbyist. Thanks to the *Times*, his perfidy is a hot topic.

FOR MANY OF MY FRIENDS, Keyes's work on behalf of apartheid has come to symbolize the moral and financial tenor of Washington. Selling out to the South Africans for an annual salary of $390,000 at age 32 seems to be the quintessential example not just of how low you can sink in this town, but of how much you can make doing it. Keyes's job is to encourage black businesses to invest in South Africa, a Promethean task that everyone I've talked to finds as comical as it is outrageous. Everyone, that is, except some young neoconservatives I ran into at a recent reception for Midge Decter's Committee for the Free Lunch, er, World. One writer for the aforementioned *Washington Times* argued that it is no worse for Keyes to work for the South Africans than it is for John Sears, who is white. Sears should be ashamed of himself too, but there is something more nauseating about Keyes's working for Botha than Sears's. Granted, the predominating factor for both is sheer greed, but the spectacle of someone abetting his own oppressor—or one who would be his own oppressor instead of his paymaster if Keyes lived in Pretoria—is more distressing. As anti-apartheid activist Randall Robinson said of Keyes's actions, "I guess in the spectrum of human behavior anything is possible." Keyes told Juan Williams of the *Post* that his mother originally had questions about her son's working for a government favoring the strict separation of races, but that "he had managed to reassure her." One down, 27 million to go.

J.W.

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